THE MEASURE OF A MAN

William A. Shedd of Persia

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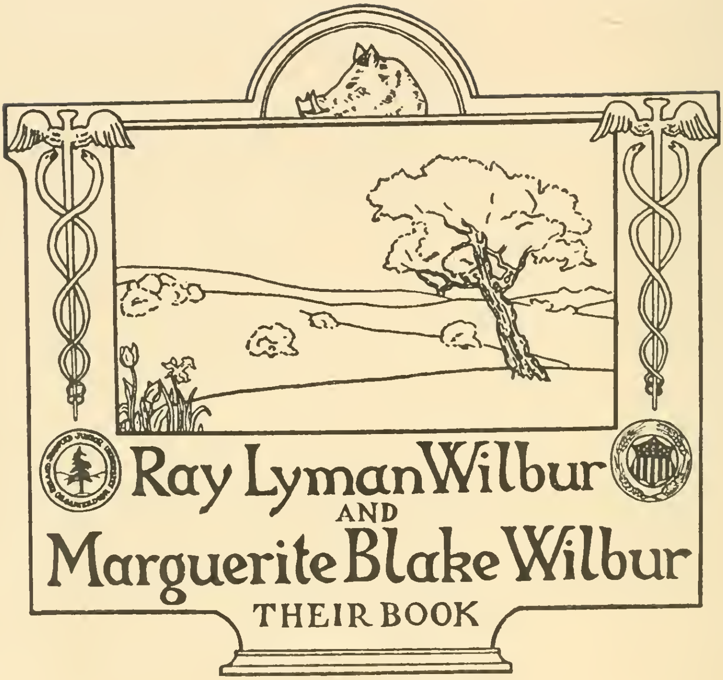
MARY LEWIS SHEDD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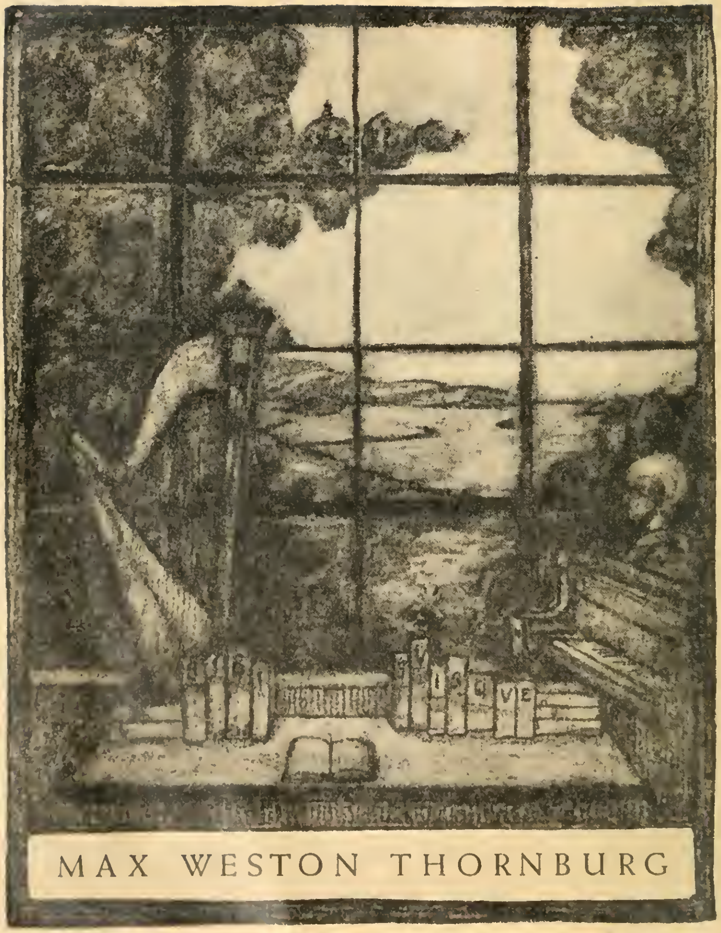
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MARY LEWIS SHEDD

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WILLIAM AMBROSE SHEDD

(*Frontispiece*)

THE
MEASURE OF A MAN

The Life of William Ambrose Shedd
Missionary to Persia

BY

MARY LEWIS SHEDD

With an Introduction By

ROBERT E. SPEER

ILLUSTRATED

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To His Mother
SARAH JANE DAWES SHEDD

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INTRODUCTION

William Shedd was one of the ablest and best men I have ever known. These are direct and simple adjectives and they fit his direct and simple character. He was an able man, with a clear, fresh, unconventional mind, familiar with the accustomed modes of thought and forms of expression but assured that there was more to be known about the truth of God than man had yet apprehended and that there were ways of stating the truth of God that should be found and that would be more adequate and persuasive. He had a good scholarly equipment and a real scholar's instinct. In the Theological Seminary at Princeton both his teachers and his fellow students recognized his unusual capacity. He would have taken first rank in any one of several lines of study and research if he had turned his life in these directions. But he had abilities which led him away from scholarship into action-administrative and executive ability, the power of sympathy and of practical action. He was a good man in this sense, that he would not give his life to the satisfaction of intellectual tastes even as a teacher or defender or explorer of Christian doctrine but must spend himself in helping needy and destitute people and in carrying the comfort and salvation of the Gospel to those who were as sheep having no shepherd. There were other senses also in which he was a good man. He was intellectually and morally honest clean through. He was modest and self-forgetful but entirely ready to face responsibility and to exercise leadership. The principle of justice and fair-mindedness was inwoven in his whole character. He was destitute of any fear that would estop him from duty. He had no desire but to know and to do what is true. He knew small-mindedness and malice and hypocrisy when he met it in America or Persia but he was endlessly charitable and kind-hearted and in the dark days of the war, without concealing his judgments or palliating wrong, he still worked patiently with all whose help might be of service in saving the people about him, Syrian and Persian and Kurd. And there was not one of them who did not recognize that William Shedd was an able and a good man.

He was one of the most competent and successful missionaries of the Church. He came to his work in Persia with a thorough and adequate preparation. His inheritance, his family background, his education, his character, his knowledge gave him a unique equipment. At first he had his father and Dr. Joseph P. Cochran as his older associates and, after his father's death, Dr. Cochran, and later Dr. Labaree. He succeeded all of these in the confidence and regard of the people of Urumia and to them all, and to the Persian officials and to the representatives of Russia and France he was the incarnation of his Mission and of America and of the spirit of love and justice. It has been given to few missionaries to win such a place of acknowledged leadership among the people to whom they have gone. The whole Assyrian nation came to regard him as its counselor and guide. What Elijah had been to Elisha he was to this people, "The chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof."

The problems and perplexities with which he had to deal were enough to overtax any man. Nowhere in the world was there a more entangled and impossible situation than in Urumia during the war. The tides of human movement and of political interest were so confused that no human being caught in them could escape from them. As a missionary, as

American Vice-Consul, as a man, as a Christian, as the representative of righteousness and truth in human relationships, Dr. Shedd had a work to do in Urumia in teaching men brotherliness and goodwill, in protecting the vanquished from their victors and then those who had been victors from those whom they had vanquished and who were now victors in their turn, in exposing and preventing treachery of many kinds, in defending the helpless, in forwarding the cause of justice, in delivering a nation from death, which no other man could have done as he did it. The burden was more than any life could bear and he laid his life down under it. But it was a glorious way to lay one's life down. I do not know of any man of whom the words which Matthew Arnold used of his father in "Rugby Chapel" might be more truly spoken.

"But thou would'st not alone
Be saved, our brother, alone
Conquer and come to thy goal,
Leaving the rest in the wild.
They were weary, and they
Fearful, and they in their march
Fain to drop down and to die.
Still thou turnedst, and still
Gavest the weary thy hand.

"If, in the paths of the world,
Stones might have wounded thy feet,
Toil or dejection have tried
Thy spirit, of that they saw
No thing—to them thou wast still
Cheerful, and helpful, and firm!
Therefore to thee it was given
Many to save with thyself;
And, at the end of the day,
O faithful shepherd! to come,
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand."

There are still other lines in Arnold's tribute to his father, which might justly be applied to William Shedd, true missionary, lover of Christ and of men, good shepherd like his Lord. One of the Syrian people, Professor Yohannan of Columbia University, who knew and loved him, has himself used just such speech of him and of his father. "Dr. Shedd," says he, "was a scholar, and thoroughly equipped for the work with something more than the surface-teaching of the ordinary theological doctrines. His book, 'Islam and the Oriental Churches,' is an able piece of work. He laid, however, his literary ambition and all his scientific attainments upon the altar of God from whom they came, counting them loss for Christ. . . . He did not work for stipend, or honor, or the praise of men, but was impelled by higher motives to the service of his Master. He was the champion of the oppressed, the shepherd of a gentle and humble spirit, to whom the poorest of his flock was not too poor. His greatest joy was in bringing a stray sheep into the fold."

But it is not necessary in these few words of introduction to tell the story of William Shedd's life or to attempt an estimate of his character. I want simply to bear testimony to what I knew. For nearly thirty years as intimately as a brother I knew him, his pure heart, his peaceableness, his courage, his quiet power, his tenderness, his prudence, his freedom, his loyalty. He also was one "who never turned his back but marched breast forward," trusting God. The years are freighted with the rich memories of him and every such memory is dear.

Robert E. Speer.

PREFACE

The life story of William Ambrose Shedd is so full of thrilling interest and inspiration that it needs to be written in permanent form. The task has devolved upon me, to whom it has been a labor of love. No other incentive could have been strong enough to induce me to live again the poignant experiences of the later years.

I have not attempted to write the history of Urumia Station nor of the war in Persia. Neither have I tried, in any adequate way, to tell of the services of others. There is much that is worth the telling but that task remains for others.

My gratitude is due the friends who have read the manuscript; to Dr. Robert E. Speer for his chapter of introduction; to Professor Donald B. MacDonald, who has contributed the history of the Urumia Syriac Concordance, and to Miss Rachel Capen Schauffler, who by her personal interest in the story and her careful reading of the manuscript, has encouraged and helped me greatly.

MARY LEWIS SHEDD.

Philadelphia.

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THE MEASURE OF A MAN

CHAPTER I: A GOODLY HERITAGE

William Ambrose Shedd was of the eighth generation of the Shedd name in America, and the family ancestry has been traced in England for twelve generations more to the year 1327.

Daniel Shed, the first to come to this country, settled in Braintree, Massachusetts, about the year 1640. One of the name was a member of the "Boston Tea Party" and in the list of the Massachusetts soldiers in the Revolutionary War are the names of fifty-two Shedds.

In 1829 the grandfather of William Ambrose, Rev. Henry Shedd, a graduate of Dartmouth College and Andover Seminary, with his bride, Mary Gerrish, went from Rutland, Vermont, to Central Ohio as a home missionary. Thus for nearly a century the name Shedd has been associated with Missions.

Henry Shedd was fitted by nature and by consecration to the work of a pioneer missionary at the time when the two great questions before the Church and the country were Abolition and Temperance. He was uncompromising in his attitude toward both and untiring in his labors among the churches. "Standing through a long and self-sacrificing life for high principles in Church and State," wrote his grandson, William Ambrose, "he suffered much unpopularity for his anti-slavery convictions, not hesitating to bar the Communion against the slave-holder, or to stand alone in Presbytery or Synod, or to brave the rotten eggs of a howling mob."

Henry Shedd was also a patriot. In his diary in April, 1861, he wrote that he had preached on the war before the first company of volunteers raised at his home town, Mount Gilead, and that he had sent five hundred dollars in gold for a United States Treasury note to help put down the Rebellion. Three of his sons served in the Union Armies.

Life in the new country was hard for the frail, cultured wife, and in 1835 she died, leaving two little boys, Charles and John Haskell. John, who became the father of William Ambrose, was born July 9, 1833, and from the time of his mother's death, even after his father's second marriage, he lived with Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hardinbrooke, godly neighbors in that pioneer land, and his foster parents had strong influence in molding his character.

His early education was received in a log schoolhouse in the woods. Later he attended the Academy of Center College, Ohio Wesleyan University, and Marietta College, where he graduated in 1856, second in his class and with a fine record for character and scholarship.

Shortly after graduation, he became engaged to Miss Sarah Jane Dawes of Marietta, Ohio, who was then a student at Western College, Oxford, Ohio, from which institution she graduated in 1858. Her father was Henry Dawes, whose family were from New England and among the first settlers in Ohio. An ancestor was William Dawes, who rode with Paul Revere on his memorable ride. Her mother, Sarah Cutler Dawes, was the daughter of Judge Ephraim Cutler and granddaughter of Rev. Manasseh Cutler, who for more than half a century was pastor of the Congregational Church at Hamilton, Massachusetts. He was chaplain in the Revolutionary Army, and late in life a member of the United States Congress. As director and agent of the Ohio Company, he negotiated, in 1787, the purchase of a large tract of land on the Ohio and Muskingum rivers, and secured the incorporation of certain articles that promoted education and forbade slavery, in the Ordinance of 1787 which provided for the government of the Northwest Territory. His son Ephraim became a settler in the new country and was a member of the convention for forming the first constitution of Ohio and so rendered to that state much the same service that his father had performed for the whole Northwest Territory.

John H. Shedd decided upon the ministry for his life work, taking two years of his theological course at Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio, and the third year at Andover Seminary, in Massachusetts, where he graduated in 1859. While in the Seminary, he offered himself as a foreign missionary to the American Board and was accepted. His son William, writing nearly sixty years later of his mother's part in this decision, said, "This consecration to missionary service was something that did not affect himself alone and surely a question was never more fairly faced and more fairly decided on the basis of fundamental facts, than by this strong and noble woman."

John Haskell Shedd and Sarah Jane Dawes were married July 28, 1859, and shortly afterwards sailed for Persia under appointment by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions to the Nestorian Mission at Urumia. This Mission station, where their son William was born six years later, is in the northwest corner of Persia close to the border of Turkey. It is a land where time is counted in millenniums, on the borders of ancient Assyria, Media, and Armenia, while to the north is Mount Ararat, where Turkey, Persia, and Russia meet. Urumia is the traditional birthplace of Zoroaster, and many great ash hills mark the points where for centuries were kept burning the altar fires of the Parsees, or fire-worshipers. The plain, over which are scattered several hundred villages, is about fifty miles long and stretches westward to the towering mountains of Kurdistan, varying from five to twenty-five miles in width. Urumia Lake on the east is a great inland salt sea nearly a hundred miles in length and from forty to fifty miles at its greatest width.

The Mission field extended westward to Mosul on the Tigris near the site of ancient Nineveh, and included the plains north and south of Urumia Lake. This territory was partly in Persia and partly in Turkey. In the little villages of the plains and among the mountains of Kurdistan as far south as Mosul, wherever occupied by Nestorian tribes, the missionary found a parish.

The larger part of the population of the

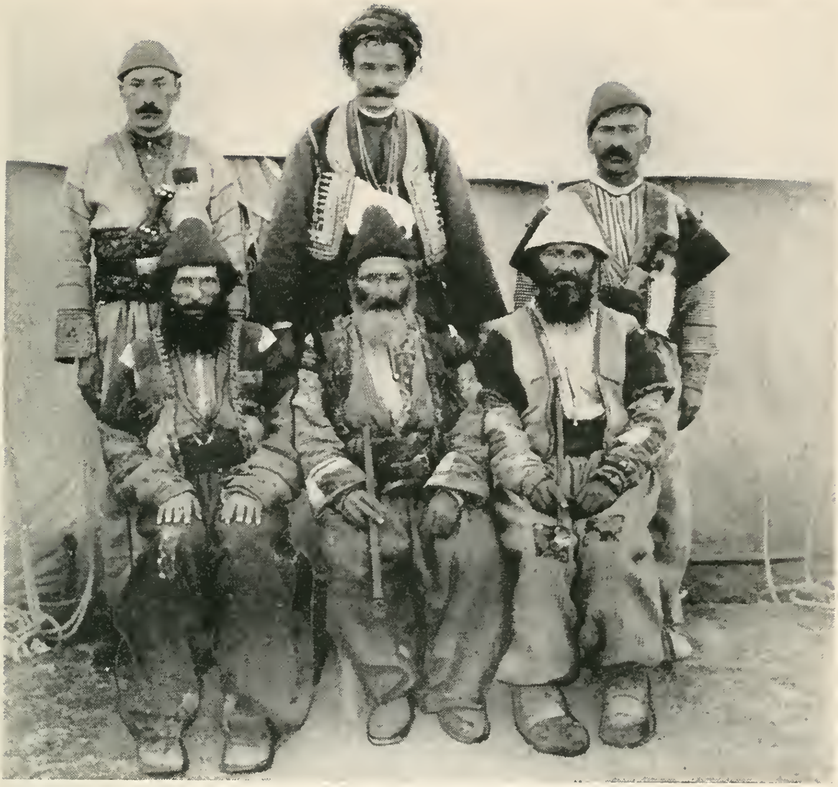
Urumia field were Persian Mohammedans, Turkish in race and language but Persian in sympathy and allegiance and belonging to the Shia sect. The Nestorians, or Syrians, were an ancient Christian people belonging to the Old Nestorian Church. Thirty thousand of them lived in the villages of Urumia and seventy thousand, more or less, in the Kurdish mountains, on the Turkish side. The Chaldeans who live in the Tigris valley are Nestorians who have been converted to Roman Catholicism. There were Jews in small numbers through the whole field. Many thousand Armenians lived along the Persian border, in and about Van, Turkey, and scattered through the various cities of Persia. The Kurds live on both sides of the border and are Sunnis, or Orthodox Mohammedans, like the Turks.

Urumia, oldest of the Persian mission stations, was occupied in 1835 by Rev. Justin Perkins and his wife and Dr. and Mrs. Ashiel Grant. It had an uninterrupted history until the summer of 1918 when, by the tragedies of the World War, the work was entirely broken up and the missionaries and all the Christian population killed or driven out.

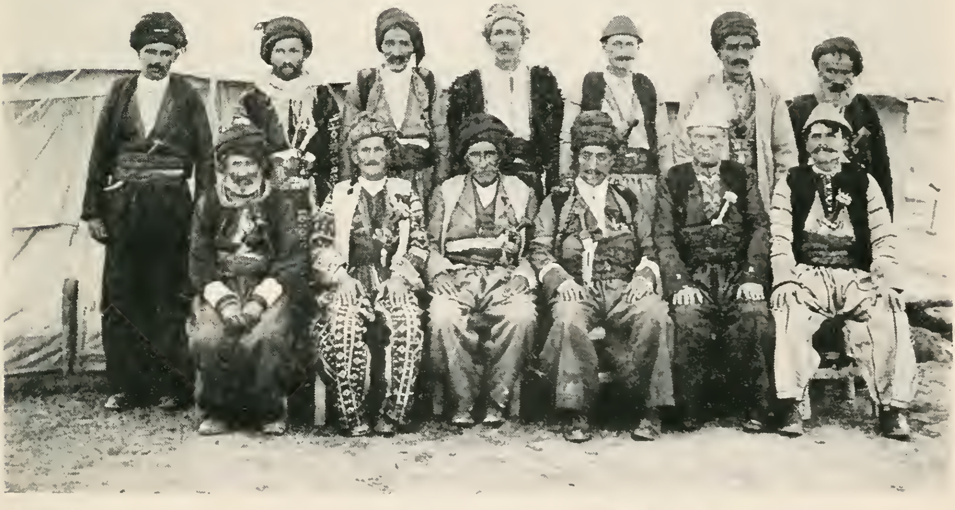
The mission was at first under the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions and was definitely begun for Nestorians. They were responsive and a large work was built up. Work for Mohammedans was restricted by Persian law, ecclesiastical interference, and persecution. One of the aims of the first missionaries was, "To enable the Nestorian Church through the grace of God to exert a commanding influence in the spiritual regeneration of Asia." For twenty years an earnest effort was made to revive and purify the Old Nestorian Church, without interfering with its organization. As a body of spiritual and enlightened converts developed, they could not find in the dead language, the rituals and ordinances of the Nestorian Church, the means of grace and the instruction they desired. No reforms were permitted and the spiritually minded were driven out. Very gradually the separation came, for it was not desired either by the missionaries or the converts, and was accepted by them as a necessity only after all efforts to make the old organization a spiritual power proved unavailing. At first the village pastors and other workers joined with the missionaries in the Communion; later they adopted a simple Confession of Faith and formed their own church organization, which they called the Syrian Evangelical Church. Their first conference was held in 1862; three knushas, or Presbyteries, were formed in Persia and one in Turkey.

A system of village schools developed. For higher education for boys Urumia College was begun in 1836, and medical and theological classes were added later. Fiske Seminary for girls was opened in 1838. A printing press was set up in 1839 and began printing the Scriptures in the vernacular. Medical work was begun by Dr. Grant in the first years, and in 1880 Westminster Hospital was opened by Dr. J. P. Cochran.

The missionary vision was *"Persia for Christ"* and in 1870 the name "Nestorian Mission" was changed to "Mission to Persia." In 1871 the mission was transferred to the Presbyterian Board, under whose care it has been ever since. As soon as the policy of expansion was accepted by the home Board, active efforts were made to occupy new fields. Tabriz, the second station of the West Persia Mission, was opened in 1873. Teheran, the first of the East Persia Mission stations, was opened in 1872, followed by Hamadan, Kasvin, Resht, Kermanshah, and Meshed. John H. Shedd had a prominent part in this expansion work. Within a few weeks of his ar-



PRIESTS AND DEACONS OF THE OLD NESTORIAN CHURCH, BAGHDAD, 1919



MALIKS OR CHIEFS OF THE NESTORIAN OR SYRIAN MOUNTAIN TRIBES FROM TURKEY. PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE REFUGEE CAMP AT BAQUBAK, NEAR BAGHDAD, 1919

rival on the field in 1859, he was visiting the schools and homes in the villages and making short tours into adjacent districts.

"My mind is to get all the information by personal inspection and from the opinions of others which is possible," he wrote that first year, "and, candidly looking at the interests of the work, to go where the Master calls." He was a student of the whole field and his vision soon expanded to take in the whole of Persia as a mission field. This outlook he never lost and was always ready to say, "Come," rather than, "Go." He was clear-headed, mature and balanced in judgment, consecrated in spirit, intensely in earnest, a layer of foundations. "He had a passion for developing new territory as well as for painstaking effort in behalf of individuals."

A letter he wrote in 1870 gives a picture of a typical journey of those days:

"The distance passed over in my eight weeks' tour was about seven hundred miles. Of the road it is enough to say that in very few cases were we able to make more than thirty miles a day, while in some places horses cannot travel at all and mules are in constant danger, creeping along at the slow pace of twelve to fifteen miles a day.

"The fatigues are compensated for usually by excellent health, by pure air and water as clear as crystal, and by refreshing sleep. In fact, fatigue is often a blessing in disguise, as otherwise sleep would be very difficult in the squalor and confusion of many a night's quarters.

"The plain fare of coarse bread and cheese is compensated for by an appetite that makes any food a luxury. There is enough, too, in the scenery and incidents of the way, in strange places and customs, in the antiquities of these regions, to give such a journey a peculiar interest. The shadow of death always following one in this land of villainy and bloodshed, casts over the way a shadow of anxiety, and awakens a peculiar thankfulness for daily mercies and deliverances. But one does not go as a traveler, but as a herald of salvation to the Kurds, Jews, Turks, and Christians, an apostle striving to leaven the masses of wild Kurdistan with the Gospel of love. Who is sufficient for these things and who can be sufficiently grateful for the privilege!"

The greatest achievement of John H. Shedd was the organization of the Evangelical Church, in which he had the leading part. The executive body of the Church was the Evangelistic Board, composed of nine members chosen by the General Conference or Knusha. There were also the Educational and Legal Boards, chosen in the same way.

Mrs. Shedd was not behind her husband in zeal and devotion to the Cause and was his inspiration and co-worker in all his labors and plans. An associate once said of them that they could bring to a station meeting more ideas and plans for work than the station could develop in a year. Mrs. Shedd frequently accompanied her husband on his tours and the hardships of the way were softened by her poetic appreciation of the beautiful.

"Those mountain journeys were not very easy," she wrote, "all that was necessary in food, bedding, clothing, and furniture must be carried on horseback over steep and dangerous paths. More than once our baggage rolled down the steep slopes into the mountain streams. I can see the tumbling horses now, and the water-soaked goods, but I remember more vividly the wildly grand scenery of rocks and cliffs and crags and tumbling cascades glittering in the sunlight."

When they went to Urumia, part of the station was living in the city where were the press, girls' school, and the administrative work. The others were living at Seir, a mountain village about six miles from the city, where the boys' school was situated. Twenty years later a new property, containing about fifteen acres, a mile and three-quarters from the city, was acquired. This became the permanent home of the Boys' School, or College, as it was always called, though not of college rank. The hospital, missionary residences, and smaller houses for teachers and hospital assistants were also built here. This compound was known by natives and foreigners as the "College." It was surrounded by thick mud walls, fourteen feet high, with towers for watchmen at each corner. An avenue bordered on each side by a row of tall, magnificent plane trees divided the compound and was its chief natural glory. The buildings were made of sun-dried brick, with red or burnt brick for facings, and with flat mud roofs.

During their second year Mr. and Mrs. Shedd went to Salmas, the plain north of Urumia, to work for Armenians. Here visitors came by the score, sometimes a hundred a day.

"I was never so much noticed in my life, before or since," Mrs. Shedd said; "I don't see how I ever got my house into tolerable order, for I was never alone and all I did was of the greatest interest to the women, who came in troops."

One day, utterly tired out, she hid herself in a back room and lay down to rest. In a few moments a sound attracted her attention, and looking up, there stood a dozen or more women, crowding in "to see the lady sleep." They had climbed in through a window.

Later they moved back to Urumia and it was in this remote corner of the ancient world, with its Oriental character, thought, and life little changed since the days of Abraham, in the little mountain village of Seir, overlooking the Urumia plain, that William Ambrose Shedd was born January 24, 1865.

CHAPTER II: EARLY INFLUENCES AND EDUCATION

When William was five years old, the family, which consisted of Charles, William, Sarah, and John (two children having died in infancy), came to America on furlough, and owing to the ill-health of the mother, they were unable to return for several years.

At the time of their arrival in America, after an absence of eleven years in the Old World, Mrs. Shedd's nephew, then a small boy, says, "There was a great deal of excitement in our family about their return. My father met them in New York. He was very fond of his sister, of course, and we all greatly admired her. In fact, I think I have never seen a more beautiful face. It was so full of dignity and sweetness and strength. We all of us felt this and greatly enjoyed the times when she would gather us around her and try to instill some good ideas into our wayward minds. Father saw the family in New York before we saw them and told us that Aunt Jane was wearing the same hat that she wore when she went to Persia, but would attract admiration in any hat."

William was seven years old when they went to Charlotte, North Carolina, where Mr. Shedd was engaged in work for freedmen in Biddle Institute, now Biddle University. The life was hard there, because families engaged in work for Negroes were ostracized socially and the children were cut off from good schools and companionship with other children.

During the six years in the South, two boys, Ephraim and Harry, were added to the family and a great sorrow came to them in the death of the little sister, Sarah, or "Daisy," as she was called. At that time William was very ill, and his life was despaired of. "I remember how thin and weak he was," wrote his mother, "as he sat bolstered up in an easy chair in my room. He was not ten years old then, but he was an interested reader and talked with me of Russian affairs and international relations."

Of the influences and impressions of these years in the South, William A. Shedd himself wrote, "My own memories as a boy tell of no friends among the white children of the place. We children were sent to the white Presbyterian church of the town. The doctor had the privilege that doctors have of ignoring social conventions, and he was a friend. There was a German who kept a country store and with whom my father labored to induce him to give up selling intoxicants. On the other hand, I have no memories more delightful than those of going with my father behind the steady mare 'Judie' to the country churches under his care. Communion services were sometimes held in the woods, the communicants sitting on either side of rough plank tables under the trees, and there was a solemnity and simplicity about it that laid hold on the imagination. At noon, picnic dinners were spread, and the lapse of years has not dimmed the memories of fried chicken, sweet potatoes, pies and cakes and other dainties made by cooks who had learned the art in the great houses of the slave plantations. These things played a larger part in the boy's life than in his father's.

"The memories of these years are full of the common pleasures of country life in America—the pets and garden, the walks and picnics in the woods, one summer spent on the seashore in New Jersey, and the trip to Philadelphia to the Centennial Exposition in 1876."

In 1878 Marietta College conferred upon Mr. J. H. Shedd the degree of Doctor of

Divinity. The same year he and Mrs. Shedd, with the younger children, returned to Persia, leaving William and his older brother Charles with their grandmother and Aunt Lucy Dawes in Marietta. The family thus divided was never again united. In Marietta among his mother's friends and relatives, William lived while preparing for college and through his college years. There were numerous cousins, and they with a few other intimate friends, formed the "Hill Crowd."

Marietta was the place where William made his boyhood friends and where he was a real boy himself. There was only one girl among that crowd of boys, and she was sister to them all. In recalling those happy days she says, "I counted on Will to defend me when I needed defense. His ready wits were used for my benefit against any of the boys when we argued or quarreled, and I counted definitely on his size and his brains as a help in trouble. I remember once when he contended that the fact that I was a girl didn't disqualify me from participating in their society on a basis of equality. This was when one of the boys had objected, on the score of sex, to my tagging along. It is all forgotten except my gratitude to Will because he respected me in spite of the fact, the bitter, humiliating fact, that I was a girl.

"Will looked more like my father than any of his sons, and his keen brown eyes that saw everything but were so soft and smiling to his friends, were like my father's, as were his thin, small, brown hands. Their attitude toward righteousness was the same. Neither of them did right with a 'holier than thou' air or with set teeth, but they both always did right. It never occurred to either of them to consider anything else."

The "Hill Crowd" was made up of a very bright set of boys, some of them brilliant and none of them more than fifteen years old when ready for college.

"It did not take us long to realize the quality of Will's mind," writes one of them, "five minutes with him upon a difficult mathematical problem would help me more than twice the amount of time with any teacher. He was always helping some one in this way. More particularly when he returned in 1885 did I come to appreciate this quality of his mind. By this time we were putting in our leisure hours in social activities. I am sure that the period from 1885 to 1887 was in every way a very happy period in Will's life. Our pleasures were simple and innocent but very keen. We took picnics in skiffs and sometimes, when we could raise the money, by carriage. He joined us in all our sports and excelled in most of them. He was always good natured and happy and full of fun. I cannot imagine that he would ever fail to see the point of a bright remark or that he could ever have been so burdened that his eyes could not have snapped at something really humorous. He was always sympathetic, keen in the enjoyment of humor, quick in repartee, and a very jolly, genial companion, ready at any time to turn to the consideration of serious matters, which he always clarified by his discussion. I have heard one who was his most sincere admirer at that time, say many times that Will Shedd had the clearest mind of any person he had ever known."

At fifteen William entered Marietta College. He tutored some of the boys in the Academy who found him a teacher of unusual skill. One of them recalls him as being more tolerant toward the younger boys than older boys usually are, but most of all remembers him for his attitude toward the "black sheep," which was always one of the most admirable of his characteristics. In later life he was seldom heard to speak in adverse criticism of others, and those whose ideals and training were different from his own were not kept at a distance, but frequently found in him a warm and sympathetic friend. During those last months in Urumia when he was the central figure in our little turbulent and isolated world, men of every stamp came to him for counsel. Some of the friendships he made were a little joke between us and occasionally when some scamp of unusually evil reputation in his extremity turned to Dr. Shedd for advice, the latter would announce to me with a smile and a twinkle in his eyes, that he had made another new "friend."

Two of the strongest influences in his life while at Marietta were his grandmother and aunt.

"She taught us reverence for all holy things, God, the Bible, the Sabbath," he said of his grandmother. "She taught us to honor our ancestry and that is a very wholesome element in self-respect. Then, too, she was such an example of mental activity and untiring zeal. She was part of my liberal education. The lessons of character and faith, who can estimate them! The Ninetieth Psalm and the Fourteenth of John are inseparably connected with her memory. I don't know how many times she has had me read them at prayers, always one or the other when there was any special occasion, as a departure from home."

"You must always be sure," he wrote to his Aunt Lucy, "that every year I live I appreciate more and more your unselfish devotion and all that you have done for me."

At the time of her death in his tribute to her, he said, "Her generosity of time and trouble was drawn upon most freely by us, her nephews and nieces. She never turned a deaf ear to our requests and never despaired of our success. The Hill Crowd had no more devoted champion than she."

At the close of his sophomore year, being only seventeen and not robust, his parents urged the postponement of the remaining years of college work that he might be with them in Persia. In October, 1882, after several weeks of interesting travel, he reached Urumia and home.

The year 1880 had been a memorable one in the history of Urumia Station. Terrible famine had been followed by the Kurdish raid of Sheik Obeidullah. Until the World War all events in Urumia dated from the "Coming of the Sheik." In the Shedd home this year was not less memorable. "The year 1880," wrote their son William, "was to Dr. and Mrs. Shedd the hardest of all the years of their missionary service. They passed through the trials of famine only to endure the perils of a Kurdish raid. The famine was scarcely over, when word came from America of the serious nervous breakdown of their oldest son, while the Kurdish hordes left barely in time for them to take to the Mission graveyard at Seir the little body of their youngest son." It was a time of great danger and responsibility to the Mission and it was through the influence and wisdom of Dr. J. P. Cochran that the destruction of the city was averted. "The real protection and reliance was the banner of trust in God. Strong in that faith were those who guided the affairs of the miniature state."

Disturbed political conditions and the pressure of work made life in the Mission Station very busy and the boy found plenty to do, cataloguing College and Station libraries, teaching in the high schools and college, studying language, visiting village schools, tutoring his younger brothers, and so releasing his mother for more missionary work. His father was principal of the College and when the boy was leaving after two and a half years at home, could well say, "After my son leaves, it will be very hard for one missionary alone to do justice to the college work, having both theological and college classes that need his teaching. He has done full work in teaching and helping in the college and in vacations has done considerable. He is now twenty years of age and his inclination seems to be toward the ministry. He has learned the Syriac and some Persian."

The next two years were spent in Marietta College where he entered into all the College activities, frequently took part in oratorical contests, and during his Senior year edited the College paper, the "Olio."

He had not yet decided upon his future course in life. "Now that I am a man in years," he wrote his mother on his twenty-first birthday, "I suppose that I ought to have a fixed purpose and aim in view. If I were to follow my own inclinations, I should go ahead and study some branches and settle down as teacher or college professor (if I could get such a place) and live a rather inactive life. But I suppose I ought to do what will do the most good, and there are certainly many reasons why I should go to Persia." "I believe my natural ideal of life," he wrote later, "would be a cozy home with money enough in United

States bonds to relieve me of the trouble of keeping accounts in order to keep expenses down. I do believe that I was born with an antipathy to economizing. I don't think that I am especially extravagant in my tastes, but I don't like to bother about ways and means."

He graduated from Marietta in 1887 and the same fall again went to Persia to help the hard pressed missionaries, especially his father, who had not had a furlough for ten years. The conditions under which the Mission was working at that time are revealed in a letter written by Dr. John H. Shedd, "Sometimes it seems to me that the clouds are closing round us. We have, on the one hand, the Turks, bigoted and cruel beyond reformation, bound by their religion and all their instincts to repress the light if they can. Quite overshadowing all these regions, on the other hand, is the great empire of Russia, crushing all liberty of conscience. We hear of the banishment of three preachers of Tiflis who have just been banished for four years for no offense but preaching the Gospel. The same spirit pervades Persia. Notice has been served to desist from all sales of Scriptures, so strongly worded that it says, 'any one who reads the New Testament is worthy of death.' Then in our little world among nominal Christians, the order of the day is wrong and outrage. The reactionaries of the Government and the landlords are more and more oppressive and there is no redress. The people are impoverished and often discouraged and much demoralized as to civil affairs. I could write a chapter of wanton outrage on some of the most inoffensive preachers and members."

William spent two years at this time in Urumia, his principal work being the station treasury and teaching in the College. His father and mother took their furlough to America, leaving such heavy responsibilities upon his shoulders as made him long for the wisdom of experience. "I need guidance and especially moderation. I wish I knew how to be firm and yet gentle. More and more I feel my weakness in comparison with the work given me to do. Maybe this feeling will help me. We all of us need a spiritual refreshment. I wish I had talked more frankly about these things," he said.

These two terms of more than four years spent in Persia during his preparatory years, not only enabled him to get a knowledge of the languages, but gave him a sympathetic and affectionate understanding of the people.

Many of the friendships formed then, especially among the Syrians, were strengthened and mellowed by the later years of common service and hardships, until in the last years he became the adored and trusted leader of a great multitude.

He returned to America in the summer of 1889 and entered Princeton Seminary. The days here were full of intellectual interests, hard work, and pleasant friendships with their enriching experiences. "He was always loveable" and he counted his friends among life's richest gifts. "I am in the Benham Club," he wrote, "the very best boarding club in the Seminary, not so much in the quality of the board, though that is excellent, as the quality of the crowd."

The affectionate name given him by his friends at Princeton was "Sheddy." "Without the first indication of priggishness in his rather quiet and reserved nature," writes one of them, "he enjoyed all the many sides of the Club life and entered as far as his nature allowed, into all the fun of the hour. 'Sheddy' served as 'Judge' one year and, according to the rules of the Club, enjoyed the privilege of inflicting fines upon the others for making puns.

"He did not take an active part in the more vehement side of life such as football and baseball, but there was never anything manifest in him that set him aside from these things.

"To supplement the curriculum, which at that time was none too attractive, some of us availed ourselves of the privilege of sitting at 'Sheddy's' feet studying Syriac Grammar as an optional. Syriac was to him as his mother's tongue." "His elevation of character, his modest and hearty good fellowship, and his unusual ability marked him as one of the leaders in the life of the institution." In speaking of himself at that time, he said that he had not yet found his own theological opinions and was glad to form a friendship with one inclined toward Episcopalianism as he did not wish to be too much under the one-sided influences of blue Presbyterianism. His critical faculty was more than ordinarily well developed and he could not accept ready-made theological opinions. He had learned to look at intellectual and religious problems positively, not negatively. "What I do believe, not what I don't believe," he said. Being a natural student, he thoroughly enjoyed the intellectual atmosphere. "I could easily resign myself to a comfortable cloister—no asceticism in it—and degenerate into a book worm," he wrote. "My ambition is to become a competent Orientalist along some line and add some light to the rays that come from the East, and to do it so as to help the missionary work. I feel that I should like to register a vow to devote my life to Mohammedan work, not to the exclusion of other work. It seems to me that it is the hardest missionary problem and one in which there are the fewest ready and competent to engage. More than any other work, it requires special preparation. My prayer is that God will prepare and use me in converting the Mohammedan world, in the way and place He sees fit."

While in the Seminary, Mr. Shedd spent one summer in Sunday-School work in South Dakota. Another summer was spent in preaching at Marion, Ohio, with so much satisfaction that he felt that if anything should prevent his becoming a missionary, he would like to devote his life to just such a church as that.

During his last year at Princeton, he worked on his thesis for the Hebrew Fellowship, which was awarded him and which carried with it opportunity to study abroad. The demand for his immediate return to Persia, however, was so strong that he felt that he must relinquish the much prized opportunity for study and accept the call. He asked that he be allowed to postpone the use of the Fellowship for two years, but he was never able to avail himself of its benefits and resigned it in favor of a classmate. "There is a certain relief in going out to Persia this year," he wrote his mother, "and still it is a pretty hard struggle, and it is not all over yet. Of course it can't be helped; a man can't oppose his personal predilections to his duty, but I never knew before just how hard it is."

He was ordained at Marietta in the summer of 1892 shortly after his graduation from Princeton, and a few weeks later sailed for Persia, a full-fledged missionary.

CHAPTER III: THE YOUNG MISSIONARY

When William A. Shedd went to Urumia in 1892, the station was undermanned and he being to the manner born, familiar with the languages and customs of the people, was able from the first to assume a large share of the work. He was assigned the station treasury, with a share in the press and in the superintendence of churches, village schools and outfield.

During his first summer there, he made an eight weeks' tour through Kurdistan as far as Amadia and Mosul, visiting Mar Shimon, the civil and religious head of the Nestorian Church, at Kochanis, the seat of the Patriarchate.

His father, the senior member and acknowledged leader of the station, was in failing health and found it necessary to give up, one by one, the various departments of work with which for so many years he had been identified and which he so greatly loved. His mantle fell upon the shoulders of his son and the father's motto, "Whose I am, and whom I serve" became no less the son's.

John Haskell Shedd died April 12, 1895. "The end came quietly and peacefully," said his son, telling of his last days. "He said to me on the last Sunday when the final struggle began, 'I don't want a death scene'; and there was none. He left his work for me, he said, a precious legacy but one I can never fulfill. I answered him with the hope that I might do it in his spirit. 'No, not that, but better, in the Spirit of Christ,' he said. He above all things served. 'A servant of Jesus Christ' would be his fitting epitaph."

Later William A. Shedd wrote an estimate of his father's work for the Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia, of which the following is a summary:

"Mr. Shedd's missionary work deserves special record along four lines. On his arrival on the field as a young missionary of unusual ability and energy, he was restive at the limitations of the work for the Nestorians and he sought hard to have it extended to the Armenian and Mohammedan population of the field. These efforts, though not successful at the time, were among the influences that prepared for the later wide extension of the work which made the Mission to the Nestorians a mission to Persia.

"A second line was the effort to evangelize the mountain Nestorian tribes.

"Another line of work in which Mr. Shedd's memory and influence will be lasting was in the training of native workers.

"But the chief service he rendered the cause of Missions was in the Organization of the Native Syrian Evangelical Church. In his plans and principles in this work, he was ahead of his time."

"The truest monument to the memory of John Haskell Shedd is the Evangelical Church in Persia," wrote another.

The year following the death of Dr. John Shedd, his wife resigned active connection with the Mission and returned to America. Here for more than a quarter of a century she bore upon heart and brain the work of the whole Mission and unceasingly carried to the throne of grace and power the needs not only of the Mission, but also of scores of individuals. Through all the sufferings of the people, especially during the later years, she lived their sorrows with them. Her love and interest in the peoples of Persia, to whom she and her husband had devoted their lives and to whom she had consecrated her son, later surrendering him in his final sacrifice, were that of a mother for her children, and continued until her death March 19, 1921. A woman of large gifts of mind and heart, she was one of the strongest influences in her son's life, even to the last.

When missionary work among the Nestorians, or Syrians, was first begun, their spiritual life was at low ebb. Centuries of living as a subject people among Mohammedans, with violence and oppression an everyday experience, and no rights of redress, had been debasing in its effect on character. Such sins as lying, deceit, and drunkenness were very common while the people were grossly ignorant and superstitious.

For more than half a century the work of educating and training them in Christian manhood and womanhood had been slowly progressing. The Spirit of the Lord had at various times manifested Himself in power in the schools and churches. The Syrian Evangelical Church, in spite of persecution and opposition without and of error and sin within, was a living power for righteousness, leavening the mass.

Now unrest among the workers was showing itself and there was constant demand for higher salaries. "The whole matter of employing men who are consecrated to the service with a lot of 'ifs' is an insoluble problem," wrote Mr. Shedd.

The American fever became epidemic, occasioned partly by a desire to see the world, and partly by such political and industrial conditions as made it impossible for these people to better their condition in Persia. Several thousand Syrian men, mostly outside the Evangelical Church, were spending the greater part of the year in Russia, working or begging, thus leaving some of the Christian villages nearly empty of their male population. This custom of begging in Russia in the name of religion was so common that those who made it a profession were called "Stealers of the Cross." More and more the graduates of our boys' school were looking toward Europe or oftener America, as the Land of Promise, where all their dreams would come true.

The Syrians had been a subject race so long that they were sadly lacking in initiative and independence. The constant persecutions and oppressions of Mohammedan village masters and government officials, the frequent

Kurdish raids, the general disorder of the country which the Persian Government was unable to control, the discouraging industrial conditions and Russian influence coming in like a flood, made the problem of the development of the Evangelical Church both complex and difficult. These problems required wisdom, patience and a sympathetic understanding of the native viewpoint, and there was no one whose judgment was more depended upon than Mr. Shedd's.

"He carried with him into his work the clear and steadfast intellectual power which marked his student days and his power grew with the years. He brought to bear upon Mission problems and all the perplexities of the work in Persia, a mind of singular purity and vigor."

"I suppose there will always be two ways of looking at native character," he said, "one making practically no allowance for circumstances, and the other, perhaps, lowering the standard too much. I think it is generally the people who make a good deal of allowance for circumstances who are able to talk straight to the people themselves."

Apropos of Mr. Shedd's ability to talk straight to the people is this incident of one who had been reprimanded for his misdeeds.

"Old Shimon, blind and forlorn, was in to ask after Will's health, when some one suggested that Mr. Shedd was no friend of his. He replied, 'Mr. Shedd may say hard things, but he's honest and straight.' That is the feeling that all have toward him. They know where he stands, that he is uncompromising toward wrong, but that he will be friendly and give them credit for whatever is good. Will is, I think, a rare combination of diplomacy and strict honesty. Then he loves the people and treats them with respect, and they trust him."

War and famine have been of frequent occurrence in the Urumia region, and the suffering and distressed of all races have always turned to the missionaries for help in their extremity. In the winter of 1897, Mr. Shedd made a trip to Tergawar, one of the outlying border districts, trudging through the snow, investigating and giving food to the two thousand refugees from Turkey, and holding crowded meetings.

On this trip he was invited to go on a hunt for mountain sheep. The invitation was from Piroo, a Kurd famed as a robber, who for a year or more had been a fugitive and had just returned to his home. Mr. Shedd with a dozen Syrians tramped five or six miles over the hills to Piroo's village which was built house against house, all under one roof, over which the road trailed as over a hillock. Here on the roof they were cordially received by Piroo, "a handsome young man, slight and well-built, quick and alert with a good clear eye." He routed his wife from her "apartment" to make room for the dozen guests. This was a room twelve by fifteen feet with two windows about a foot square and served as sleeping quarters for all. Here they sat on rugs beside a smoky stove, drank tea, and ate a supper of rice, chicken, and dates cooked in grease. After coffee there was a guessing game, then their host left them and as sleep was impossible, Mr. Shedd said, "I kept a fellow telling mighty stories of Rustum and Shah Abbas for the greater part of the night."

By three o'clock they were on their way up the mountain, trudging through snow three feet deep on the level. On the crest of the mountain, a herd of fifteen or twenty mountain sheep, "airy, agile and graceful, leaping from rock to rock" were surrounded. Said Mr. Shedd, "I must confess I was too exhausted to do anything but pant and cough and watch the sport. One buck was given to me for my 'prowess.'"

Another time when he had gone to the Salmas-Khoi district to administer relief to the refugees who had escaped the massacres in Turkey, he said in his report, "I never saw such pitiful creatures, poor little children, fatherless and motherless. I was glad to have something to help them. May God grant us always as missionaries a part in this Christlike work of ministering to the hungry and naked. It is all 'unstable equilibrium' till some righteous revenge is taken for the blood spilled in Turkey. Things can't be settled till they're settled right, and Persia cannot entirely escape the consequences of affairs in Turkey.

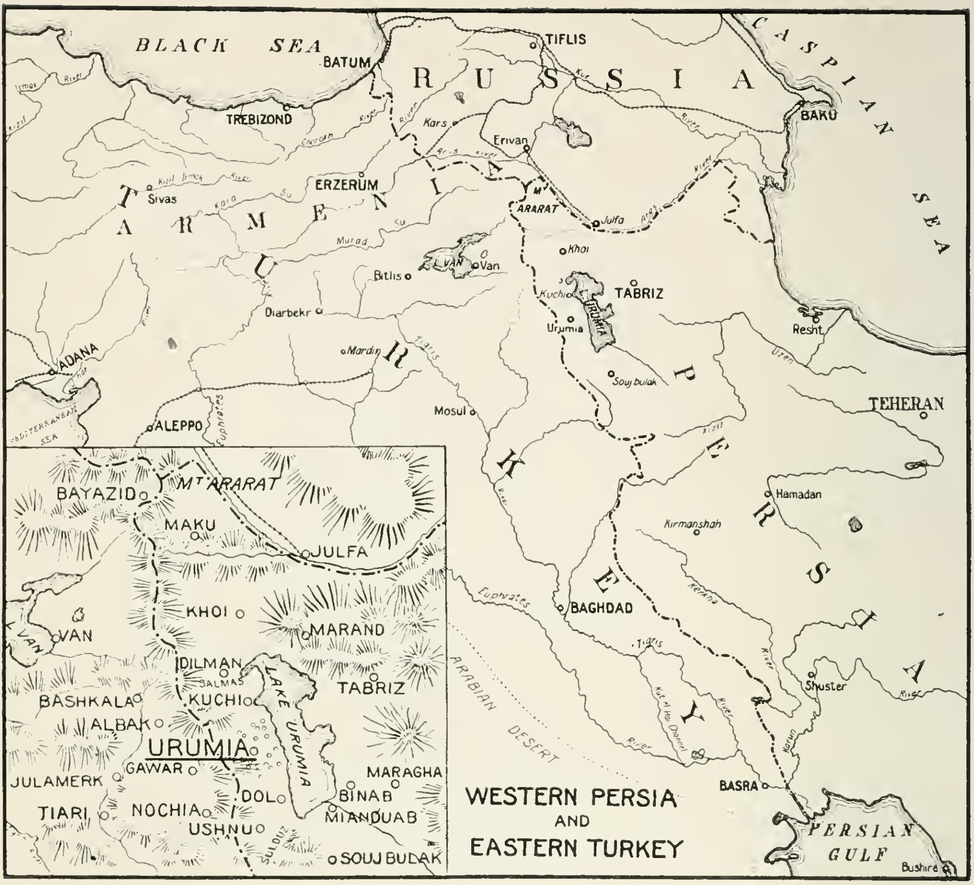
"As is always the case with this poor misgoverned land, the innocent suffer with the guilty, or oftener instead of the guilty. I saw one poor man in the street in front of the Governor's door who was dying and did die a few hours later. He was an innocent man who had been arrested to fill the vacancy of an escaped Revolutionist. He died from the effects of the beating and branding he had received in the Persian prison."

The true story of a man's life is incomplete without the record of his inner spiritual experiences. It was on his return from this journey to Khoi and Salmas, when depressed by the "cruel mercies of the wicked" which he had witnessed, distracted in thought, and seemingly far from abiding in Christ, that like Saul of Tarsus, he met the Lord in the way. For several days and nights there were deep searchings of heart when "It seemed as if the Lord were wrestling with me and I must not let Him go," he said. "It was to me a conviction of sin, of righteousness and of judgment—a revelation of my worthlessness, weakness and sinfulness. One sin after another was shown to me in its true hideousness. At the same time I felt God very near; perhaps in the way meant in saying 'He that is near Me is near the fire.' It was a revelation of my utter inability to do anything and God's readiness to do everything. The Lord has humbled me as I have never been humbled before. This is not the whole either. I have never known before how real a power prayer is, how in real truth God will dwell in us. Many things are different and life is new. I do not wish to leave the valley of humiliation for I do not see how I can stand except as I am kept in mind of my weakness and the Lord knows how and when to lead. All these things are intensely real, and I am sure it is God's work. No part of it is from me, not even any intellectual appropriation of truth or mental vision of spiritual things."

One hesitates to lay bare a man's soul, but this experience was a crisis in his life and was written only for his mother. It was his faith in God and the life of the Infinite within him that made him strong to bear and to do, and to follow the inner light even though his vision reached beyond the ken of his fellows.

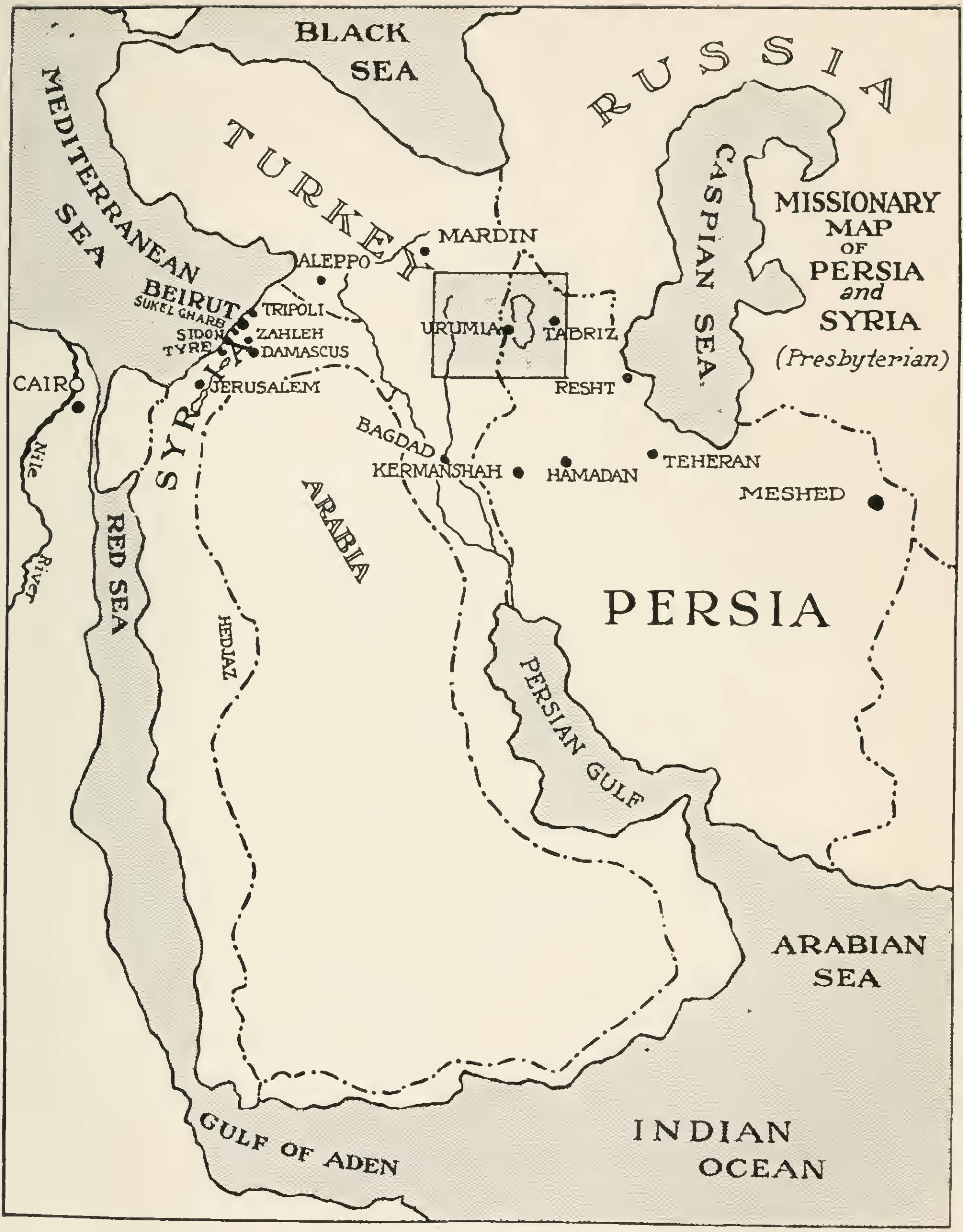
The year 1897 marked the coming of the Russian Mission to Urumia, causing a big land slide toward the Russian Church and creating consternation in the other churches of Urumia. As the Russian priests made their triumphant procession through the villages, nearly the entire Old Nestorian Church, many Armenians and Roman Catholics, and some of the Evangelical Church members gave their names to be written as members of the Russian Orthodox Church.

"The methods of the Russian priests were interesting," wrote Mr. Shedd. "The first thing on reaching a village was to reconsecrate the Nestorian church which they took possession of without discussing the question of legal rights. Those who had given their names were then received individually and made their con-



BLACK SEA
BATUM
TIFLIS
RUSSIA
CASPIAN SEA
BAKU
TREBIZOND
Kars
Erivan
ERZERUM
Sivas
TURKEY
ARMENIA
MT ARARAT
Julfa
Khoi
Bitlis
Van
VAN
Kuchi
URUMIA
Urumia
TABRIZ
Diarbekr
Mardin
Tigris
Resht
Uzen
TEHERAN
ADANA
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
ALEPPO
Euphrates
Mosul
Souj bulak
PERSIA
Hamadan
Kirmanshah
BAGHDAD
Kerkha
Shuster
Karun
ARABIAN DESERT
BASRA
PERSIAN GULF
Bushire
WESTERN PERSIA AND EASTERN TURKEY
BAYAZID
MT ARARAT
MAKU
JULFA
KHOI
MARAND
VAN
DILMAN
SALMAS
TABRIZ
BASHKALA
KUCHI
ALBAK
LAKE URUMIA
URUMIA
GAWAR
JULAMERK
MARAGHA
DOL
BINAB
TIARI
NOCHIA
MIANDUAB
USHNU
SOLDUZ
SOUJ BULAK

MAP OF THE REGION in which Dr. Shedd's missionary work was established and conducted. The small inset shows in detail the immediate vicinity of Urumia and the location of many of the towns and villages mentioned in "The Measure of a Man."


BLACK SEA
RUSSIA
MISSIONARY MAP OF PERSIA and SYRIA (Presbyterian)
CASPIAN SEA
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
TURKEY
MARDIN
ALEPPO
BEIRUT
SUKEL GHARB
TRIPOLI
ZAHLEH
SIDON
TYRE
DAMASCUS
JERUSALEM
URUMIA
TABRIZ
RESHT
CAIRO
Nile River
SYRIA
BAGDAD
KERMANSHAH
HAMADAN
TEHERAN
MESHED
ARABIA
RED SEA
HEDJAZ
PERSIA
PERSIAN GULF
ARABIAN SEA
GULF OF ADEN
INDIAN OCEAN

MAP OF ASIA MINOR AND PERSIA.

The square tinted surface locates the field of Dr. Shedd's work. Reproduced by permission of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.

fession to a priest. Later the 'converts' gathered in the churchyard where the formal reception rite was performed. The people through a representative and by kneeling in assent, renounced the errors of Nestorianism and accepted the Russian Orthodox Church. Then all attended the communion service in the church."

The Christian races who had for so long suffered under the oppressions of the Moslems, saw in the Russian Mission the herald of Russian political influence under which they hoped to find deliverance from their intolerable position as subject races. The massacres of Christians in Turkey brought terror and panic to the hearts of Persian Christians and they thought to find refuge under the shadow of the Russian Church. The strongest pressure was brought to bear upon them and the wildest hopes were indulged in. All sorts of reports were circulated and the people believed that the time of their deliverance was at hand and that at last they would be free from Moslem oppression and secure for themselves a position of influence. This movement was under the distinct patronage of the Czar, and while on the surface it appeared to be religious, it was purely political and aroused strong Persian feeling against the Christians. It was a testing time for the Evangelical Church but it remained loyal. Some went over to the Russians but most stood nobly against strong temptations. Through the years there was steady growth in the influence of the Evangelical Church and steady development in the spiritual life of its members as well as an increasing willingness to accept responsibility. Probably nowhere in the world had the Presbyterian Board so large a work among so small a people. In the later years the Evangelical Church gained prestige out of proportion to the number of its members and though it was not the largest church in Urumia, it was the most influential. With the Russians their relations were friendly and with the Persian authorities they were accorded a position of honor.

During these years Mr. Shedd's first work was in the College as principal and teacher of Theology, often making his own text-books. Part of the time he was also station treasurer, superintendent of village schools, editor of the Syriac newspaper, between times preparing other literary work, preaching on Sundays, and studying languages as opportunity afforded. He possessed marvelous powers of concentration and could turn off an immense amount of work. In his report of 1899 he speaks of making an attempt to regulate the spelling of the Syriac language, working on a Jewish version of the Sermon on the Mount and a proposed dictionary, studying Old Syriac manuscripts, helping in the College museum, and acting as trustee of Deacon Abraham's orphanage. In another report covering fourteen months, he told of having done more evangelistic work than ever before and of having found it the most delightful of all work. He had preached ninety sermons, given fifteen other addresses and lectures at conferences, attended twelve preacher's meetings and seventy-five other meetings. He had visited forty-seven villages, seven for a stay of two days or more. There were two extended trips to Tergawar and he had spent a week of prayer in the City Church and Fiske Seminary.

His teaching work was very close to his heart. "It comes over me sometimes overwhelmingly what a task it is to prepare men to stand in the midst of this weak nation and against all the influences for evil and error," he said. "Yet God can do it and we must depend on Him. My greatest desire here is to impart to my pupils such conceptions of truth as will enable them to live really spiritual and Christian lives and bear witness to Christ in most difficult circumstances. I think more and more our work as missionaries is to live our lives rather than do our tasks, only to live them in such a way that our influence really goes out into the world about us." "A man needs to be intensely in earnest in some fundamentals and then to take a great many other things as best he can, form a working hypothesis and go ahead. After all the chief end of life is to *do* the will of God not to know it. It is most happily true, we can often *do* it without knowing it fully." "It is our calling under God to raise up servants of Jesus Christ, who will find it their meat to do the will of Him that sent them. I know of no more difficult or nobler work."

In 1894 Mr. Shedd was married to Miss Adela L. Myers to whom he had become engaged before leaving America. Her health was never robust and a large part of the seven years of missionary life was filled with suffering. Her unselfish and joyous nature hid much of the pain from others and there were times when hope brightened in the prospect of her recovery. There were long seasons of great suffering wonderfully borne in patience and cheerfulness, but at last the "silver cord was loosed" and the beautiful spirit of Adela Shedd found rest from the sufferings of earth, leaving her husband with two little girls.

"Death has lost some of its terrors for me, but I realize as never before the terribleness of physical suffering," he wrote to a friend some months later. "There is a saying of Bishop Westcott's that has been with me a great deal. He said not long before his death, with reference to the death of his wife, that we must guard our griefs, lest we lose the revelation. There is a revelation in bereavement, but we often lose it. In some ways the difficulties all come over me as time passes, especially as regards my children. They are beautiful little girls, three and six years old, and I realize how hard it is to mother them and how much they need what I can give them so imperfectly. After all, life is arranged by God as a school of character."

In 1902 after ten years of service, Mr. Shedd came to America on furlough. His first term had not held for him the opportunity he craved for devoting himself chiefly to Mohammedan work. Something had been done in that respect, in the way of personal contacts and friendships. His alert and active mind had been busy studying the problems of Islam and he was prepared when the opportunity came for definite Moslem work in fanatical Urumia. His work had been primarily for Syrians and he had made for himself an enviable place in their confidence and affection. His knowledge of the peoples and the field had broadened. In God's school of character he had learned some deep lessons which were fitting him for larger influence and teaching him how to become "all things to all men."

CHAPTER IV: LEGAL AND POLITICAL WORK

The Christian peoples of Persia were not recognized by Persian Law as possessing legal rights on a basis of equality with Moslems. The most honored and self-respecting Christian might be subjected to the grossest personal insults by Mohammedans without any right of redress; as in the case of a Syrian preacher, a man of culture and refinement, a graduate of an American theological seminary, who when spat upon in the bazaar by a Mohammedan, could offer no self-defense nor had he the legal right to make complaint.

An example of legal injustice which occurred even in the later years was that of a prominent Syrian of the Protestant community from whom four hundred tomans[1] were extorted by the Government on a trumped up charge without an opportunity being given, even to state his case.

Another incident illustrating the legal status of Christians was that of the accidental killing of a Mohammedan near one of the largest

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[1] Toman, normally one dollar.

Christian villages. Some Mohammedan camel drivers were stealing grapes one night in a vineyard belonging to a Syrian. The alarm was given and in the altercation near the village, one of the camel drivers was shot and killed. In the darkness it was not evident who fired the shot which was the only one fired. Investigation showed that it was most likely fired by one of the camel drivers. The Government officials took up the matter not with the purpose of investigating or punishing, but with the intention of getting out of it all they could for themselves. In Persia the village nearest the scene of a crime is held responsible, the fine for the life of a Christian being thirty tomans and for the life of a Mohammedan one thousand tomans.

In this case the Governor, a prince of the royal blood, demanded five thousand tomans of the village. After much argument and many pleas, this sum was considerably reduced. Then the villagers appealed to the foreign Missions to intercede for them. The American, English, French and Russian Missions were about to make a protest against such a fine on the ground that the country was already unsafe and that the course being taken by the Government would put a premium on thieving and tend to increase the general insecurity, when the Russian Vice-consul took up the matter. He called representatives of the four Missions to meet with him for consultation. The Missions were glad to have him take the responsibility and he finally succeeded in reducing the amount to one thousand tomans. Beside this fine the villagers had to pay about four hundred tomans in fees and presents to government officials, though there was no proof of guilt on the part of any of the villagers.

Cases in which Moslems were a party must of necessity be settled in the Persian courts, but the need of a court where litigation between Christians could be settled was an urgent need. The cases most common were disagreements in accounts, settlement of estates, a few divorce cases, personal and family quarrels. Such matters could often be adjusted by a patient hearing and authoritative advice, but if allowed to get into the Persian courts were seized as an opportunity for exacting bribes, causing endless trouble, and bringing dishonor upon the Christian Church.

The Legal Board of the Evangelical Church was organized for the purpose of settling such cases between Christians and so preventing them getting into the Moslem courts. The members of the Board were chosen by the Synod with reference to their fitness, and one missionary, whose position was practically that of judge, represented the Mission. For many years Dr. J. P. Cochran served on the Legal Board and by his wise and fair decisions and his rare personality gained for it great prestige.

In 1898 the provincial authorities, including the representative of the Foreign Office and the Crown Prince, who represented the Shah in Azerbaijan, at the request of Dr. Cochran, issued an order which gave full recognition of the rights of the Legal Board to adjudicate matters in the Protestant Church. Thus the Legal Board was formally recognized by the Persian Government. To this court were brought all sorts of cases between Christians, except those purely criminal, which were settled in the civil courts, and the Board's decision was accepted as final by the Persian authorities.

"The fundamental reason for this remarkable state of things," wrote Mr. Shedd, "is that Eastern jurisprudence in general and Moslem jurisprudence in particular regard Law as a religious institution, and so accept as binding within the bounds of each religious community, the peculiar laws of that community. Divorce and inheritance are generally regarded as subjects especially amenable to religious law. So we had here to constitute a Church Court. The appeal in any case where coercion must be used is necessarily to the Civil Court."

In practice Moslem law in many instances became customary, but the general basis for law in the Legal Board was the Canon law of the Old Nestorian Church. Latterly a code of rules with reference to marriage and divorce based on the Nestorian *Sunhadis* or book of Church government, was adopted by the Evangelical Church. The Old Nestorian law was strict but not clear on some points, and changed social conditions required modifications.

For many centuries the Nestorian, or Syrian people, lived under Mohammedan rule in Turkey and Persia, but even though living in the midst of a polygamous people, they adhered strictly to the marriage laws of their own faith and divorce was very infrequent until emigration began. It was in 1907 that Mr. Shedd wrote, "The Legal Board of our native church had during the spring and winter an unusually large number of cases and we had some success in collecting fees for work done. The most annoying cases in themselves and the most serious as a symptom of social degeneration were the divorce suits. The long suffering wives, so many of whose husbands have been unfaithful to them during their long absences from home in Russia, seldom ask for divorce. But in not a few cases the husbands have gotten divorces without good cause from Nestorian or Orthodox bishops. If opposed, such cases inevitably go into the Moslem courts and it is very hard and unsatisfactory work to attempt to get a Moslem court to do justice to a wronged wife. Raising the issue may be worth while, even if justice cannot be secured."

There was one particular class of cases that was the source of frequent trouble and the English, French, Russian and American Missions were approached on this matter of *"Jadad ul Islam"* with the hope that they might be able to influence the Persian government to do something. According to traditional Persian law, a Christian who is converted to Islam may claim the inheritance of all relatives within seven degrees of kinship. That is, a Christian who becomes a Mohammedan has the right to inherit the property of his Christian relatives, superseding parents, children, brothers and sisters, cousins and other relatives, to the seventh generation. In practice this law was never rigorously enforced, but it furnished the basis of lawsuits often resulting in injustice and loss to Christians.

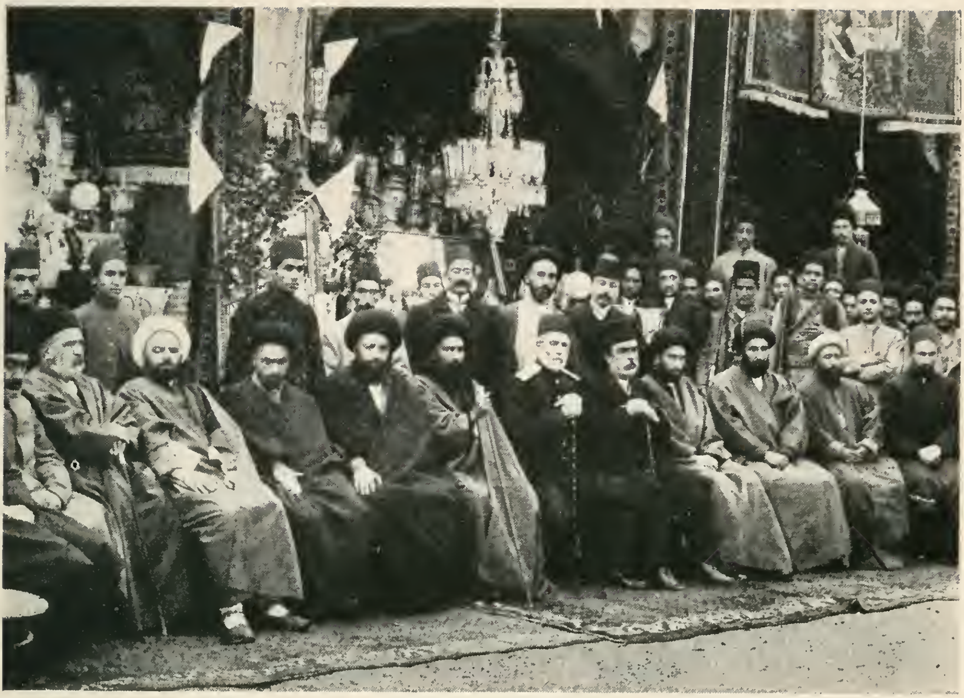
During the reign of His Imperial Majesty, Nasr-ed-Din Shah, at the request of the Armenian Bishop in Tabriz, an order was issued that converts to Islam should inherit no more from Christian relatives than they were entitled to under the ordinary laws of inheritance. Afterwards, at the request of Dr. Cochran, His Imperial Majesty, Mohammed Ali Shah, issued a similar order while he was Vali Ahd or Crown Prince. These orders mitigated the evil but did not abolish it and whenever such cases were brought up, the civil officials seized their opportunity for exacting bribes. As a rule the claimant, too, made demands as a condition for his giving a quit-claim or legal document, and there was nothing to prevent the same case being brought up repeatedly.

In the summer of 1905, the greatest loss, humanly speaking, that could befall the Mission, came in the death of Dr. Cochran, from typhoid fever. For twenty-five years he had been in charge of the medical work of the station. The son of a missionary, and born in the country, he held a place of peculiar influence and power. His fame as a physician had spread through Persia and far beyond her borders. His ability as a diplomat, his fairness and wisdom in the Legal Board, his tact, gentleness and good judgment in Mission affairs, made him indispensable to the community. But it was Dr. Cochran, the man and friend, who was so greatly beloved and trusted by all races and classes of that region. The story of his life is told in "The Foreign Doctor" by Robert E. Speer. It seemed that the work of the station could not go on without him and to each individual came a sense of personal loss and a realization of how much he had leaned on him for sympathy and advice. To none of his associates did it mean more than to Mr. Shedd, for in the division of Dr. Cochran's work, the responsibility for the Legal Board and the position of station representative with the government was assigned to him. He now began a new phase of his missionary service. That he felt the responsibilities of his new tasks is evidenced in a letter written at the time: "The Station felt that I ought to look after political affairs as far as possible. It is important to have our own people settle their own disputes and the Legal Board will need the confidence that can be gained only by one of us taking part in it. I know a great deal will be done badly, especially in comparison with the past. A very large part of the work done by Dr. Cochran must stop. It was a special work due to his special influence. I don't think that College or Theological training has helped me much in these matters. Sometimes I think I should like to take up a course in reading Law."

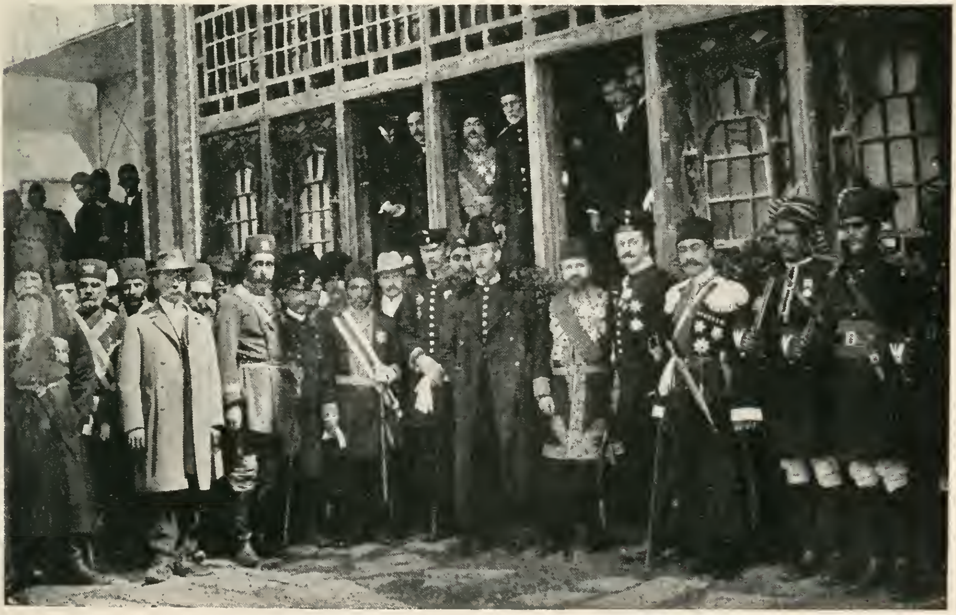
The experience of the years that followed justified his appointment to these tasks. The political and legal or *dewankhana* work greatly increased, largely due to disturbed political conditions.

It was in March 1904 that the Station experienced a terrible tragedy in the murder of Rev. Benjamin W. Labaree, while on a journey two days from Urumia. Mr. Labaree was the victim of a plot instigated by the Mohammedan ecclesiastics of Urumia to kill Dr. Cochran, who, representing the American Mission, in conjunction with the English Mission, had pressed the matter of the punishment of a *sayid* for the unprovoked murder of a Syrian who was a British subject. A *sayid,* being a lineal descendant of Mohammed, is considered so holy as to be immune from the penalty of his crimes, and the attempt to have him brought to justice had aroused strong resentment among the Mohammedan ecclesiastical class. As there was no American consul in Persia, a British consul was kept in Urumia for many months for the management of the case. In the following December Dr. Thomas Norton, American Consul at Harpoot, Turkey, arrived in Urumia as special commissioner for the American Government. He was compelled to leave before the settlement of the case which dragged on for more than three years and much of the responsibility fell upon Dr. Cochran and later upon Mr. Shedd, as Station representatives. For a long time there was much uncertainty in the political situation and anxiety for the safety of the missionaries and the Christian community.

The Persian Revolution, which began in Teheran, soon reached Urumia, and what was at first a general unrest became an active protest against the prevailing order of political corruption, feudal oppression, and despotic injustice. The people, following the lead of Teheran and Tabriz, demanded a representative government. An *anjuman* or council of the people, was formed in which were represented the various classes of society. The



A GROUP OF NOTABLES, MULLAHS, MERCHANTS AND LANDED GENTRY,
ATTENDING THE CELEBRATION OF THE CONSTITUTION
REGIEME AT URUMIA, 1908



FOREIGN DIPLOMATS AND REPRESENTATION AND PERSIAN NOTABLES AT
THE BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION OF MUHAMMED ALI SHAH, MAY, 1908
(DR. SHEDD IN WINDOW AT THE RIGHT)

movement, though unexpected, was popular and patriotic, intellectual as well as political. It was inevitable that such a revolution among a people to whom the idea of representative government was so foreign and for which they were wholly unprepared, should lead through anarchy and chaos to collapse. The granting of the Constitution by the Shah was celebrated in Urumia by the illumination of the bazaars, where large crowds gathered full of enthusiasm for the new day that had dawned for *Iran.* Mullahs and sayids were enthusiastically talking of liberty and equality, with little conception of their meaning, but the road between Oriental despotism and democracy is not traveled in a day nor in a generation. A society soaked in vice and corruption, bound by the chains of ignorance and superstition, and controlled by religious fanaticism is not a fertile soil for the propagation of democratic ideas and their practical demonstration. Unfortunately those who held the greatest power in their hands were not those who were most enlightened nor those who were most sincere in desiring liberty, for the situation was largely controlled by mullahs and sayids. When the question of the rights of the Christian subjects of Persia came up, it was openly claimed by the *anjuman,* in which mullahs were prominent, that the religious law of Islam should be strictly enforced. The *anjuman* opposed by the old régime, but supported by popular favor, for a while controlled the political situation, but in the end wrought its own destruction through avarice and general depravity.

Fidais, or devotees, organized with parades of armed men, drill and political meetings. There were popular organizations composed of representatives of the bazaar, shopkeepers, artisans, porters and the like. Each organization demanded a share in the government which was divided among the Governor, *anjuman,* leaders of the *fidais,* and representatives of the trades. Sometimes the Governor by exercising great tact in keeping on speaking terms with the various elements was able to retain some of his authority. Sometimes there was no government at all, with disorder and crime uncontrolled and constant danger from mobs.

An interesting episode in the progress of revolution in Urumia in the spring of 1909 was the arrest of the Governor by a Nationalist leader who entered the city by night, sent the Governor away a prisoner, established himself in power, though he had but a small handful of men, and for a few weeks reigned supreme while he exacted large sums of money from the wealthy Persians. At the fitting moment he departed with his followers in the night as he had come. A few months later the exiled Governor returned with a guard of *fidais*.

To make the situation more serious, the Turks appeared on the border, pressing their claims to that region. The Kurds made the best of the chaotic conditions, attacking scores of Persian villages, killing and plundering, unrestrained by the Turks. The Turks advanced until practically the whole country west of Urumia Lake was in their hands. A Persian army sent against the Kurds was attacked by a Turkish force and put to flight without resistance. A Persian general once exclaimed on a similar occasion, "How valiantly the Persians would fight if there were no dying!"

Large numbers of refugees from the Christian villages along the border fled to Urumia. Then as the Kurds attacked the Urumia villages, the helpless Persian Government gave rifles to the Christians to defend themselves from the attacking Kurds. The people turned to the Missions for protection, and Mr. Shedd representing the American Mission found it necessary to give much of his time and influence to the saving of life and property and securing justice for the suffering people. There were times of peril to the Mission though there was no anti-foreign or anti-Christian feeling in particular. A boundary commission was appointed by Turkey and Persia but nothing was accomplished.

During these turbulent times Mr. Shedd was brought more prominently into political matters than he desired and he longed to be free to give more time to building up the Moslem educational work. The policy of our Mission was to keep out of politics as far as possible, but that was sometimes unavoidable as for instance in relation to our press which was the only one able to do Persian printing in large quantity. Requests for printing came from various political factions. The *anjuman* wanted to print a proclamation on its inauguration. This was refused until the order was signed by the Governor. Later a newspaper was started which the supporters wanted printed on the Mission press, but until a letter from the proper Persian official stating that liberty of press had been granted, it could not be undertaken. Often it was difficult to know who really represented the Government and frequently the first difficulty was that no one could be found with whom to deal.

The legal work was increasing and it was most important that disputes between Christians be settled in the Legal Board and not be mixed up in the corrupt and unreliable Persian courts. The French and Russian Missions had established similar courts and each community had its own civil head or *millatbashee* and legal difficulties were greatly increased by these rival courts of the various Missions. Some of the leading Syrians, chiefly Protestants, under Mr. Shedd's advice, tried to eliminate denominational divisions in civil affairs, but were not successful.

"The worst thing about my *dewankhana* work," wrote Mr. Shedd to a friend, "is that it is almost impossible to bring anything to a close. The Government, the people, everybody, have neither the idea nor the capability of decisiveness. If I were an autocrat in Persia, I should wish a small but effective army. Then I should try to bring about two reforms. One would be the gradual introduction of religious liberty and the other would be the establishment of courts whose decisions would be final, except by appeal in certain cases to a higher court. The worst kind of decisions, if really decisive, would be better than the present uncertainty on every decision. It seems to me that religious liberty is necessary, not only in order that people get truth instead of error, but also in order that the sapping of all integrity of character by professing what is not believed may be stopped. I don't believe that honesty in anything will be possible as long as deceit in religion is practiced so generally as is the case in Persia. But we will see what God has in store. He is certainly working in ways that are marvelous.

"So far, to an extent that surprises me, I am able to keep the confidence of the people, and so I hear various sides of the same thing. I suppose that these questions of law and politics are part of my destined work, but they are not my choice. We don't really wish to be people of importance, but we are looked up to as foreigners very much, in actual truth and not in flattery. They have an exaggerated idea of what we can do through our governments. All we can do is to be the simple reporters of facts as they actually exist. I often wish that Dr. Cochran were still here in charge of these affairs, but perhaps the Good Lord knew that he was weary enough of them and lovingly wished to give him rest. I am discouraged about the quality of my work. It is hard enough not to be envious of others who can specialize and limit their work, but perhaps we are called sometimes to do second-class work, not to be satisfied with it, just to do our best and let it rest.

"It has been remarked by the Russian Consul and others that it is impossible for any foreigner, even a missionary, to divest his actions of political significance in the eyes of the people. I am sure that in Urumia a great deal of trouble is taken by our Mission to avoid mixing in political matters, and that we should rejoice to be rid of any political reputation. It cannot be denied in any case that the cause we represent is part and parcel of the country in which we live, and that we cannot be free and comfortable in the midst of such confusion as has prevailed all about us.

"I am afraid that I will become morally hardened. One sees so many people that are wrong one way or another, and has to deal with them. But what can one do? It is only in this way that good can come in effectual contact with the bad.

"Friday I was tackling the family and divorce problems in two concrete cases. The matter of banking and bankruptcy also gives me a good deal of trouble, and so I might go on. I keep on having it impressed upon me that back of all questions, as an important factor, is the element of moral character, and there religion makes or mars. Efforts to eliminate religion as a factor have accomplished so little that their influence is negligible, except as they influence the character of religion. The Kingdom of God and the really beneficent political order are nearly the same thing, I think."

It was the coming of the Russians that restored order, and their position in the Urumia region is shown in a letter of Mr. Shedd's written after they had become well established:

"The Russians will not withdraw until there is a government strong enough to keep order. No strong man has appeared anywhere in Persia, much less the elements of a strong government. One may guess that neither Russia nor Turkey was anxious for a speedy definition of the boundary. In name the Persian Government goes on as a whole, with the same methods that disgraced the past, but with an important difference. There is in the country a power to which all Persian authority and all Persians must bow—Russia, represented by three branches of the government, the Ministry of War, the

Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and the Holy Synod. In most affairs the Russian Consul is the supreme authority and on occasion does not hesitate to exercise authority without the mediation of the Persian authorities. A hint from him is more effectual than an order from the Persian Government, and the former is often the cause of the latter. Next to the Russian Consul, the Turkish Consul is the most powerful official here. The Russian Mission represents the Holy Synod and as such is only partially subordinate to the Consul. Indeed, the impression here is that there is no one who does not stand in awe of the Archimandrite, the head of the Russian Mission. It is difficult for Protestants, and advising or aiding them is a difficult and delicate matter. A perplexing element in the situation here is the relation I hold to the naturalized American citizens. Most of them are very respectable persons and give little trouble to any one, but occasionally even the best of them have troubles. Of course I hold no official or even semi-official position, but some one has to be the spokesman with the authorities and the correspondent with the American Consul. [The first American Consul arrived in Tabriz in February, 1907.]

"I should like to state the principles by which I try to guide my conduct. In the first place, Persian law and Mohammedan law in general admit the principle that each '*Millat*,' or religious sect, has its own law and has the right to be judged by it. This law includes a large variety of subjects, and in Persia, at least, there is no definite line between the Christian law and the law of the land. This gives the Protestant community certain rights which are vested in the Legal Board. The Board and the Protestant community have been recognized by the Persian Government. My position is as representative of this body, rather than of the American Mission, though the two aspects of the matter are not distinguished by the Persian authorities. On the part of the Roman Catholics and the Russian Orthodox Missions, there is little effort to make this distinction, but we should try to emphasize the rights of the Church. This is important in view of the increasing Russian influence. The Evangelical Church has, before the law of Russia, more stable rights than a foreign mission.

"A second principle is that we have a duty to use personal influence to secure justice. This must be done with the greatest caution and with the distinct disclaimer of any authority on our part. Such cases are constantly arising and Moslems as well as Christians are appealing to us for help. The rule should be to avoid interference, but the rule has exceptions. The Legal Board is careful to say that it does not assume the responsibility for the execution of its decisions, only for their conformity to law and justice."

Such was the political situation in Urumia at the outbreak of the World War. When Mr. Shedd first assumed the duties of the Legal Board and Mission representative with the government, it was with great reluctance and with the purpose of giving to that work as little of his time and thought as circumstances would permit, but the unusual social and political conditions which prevailed in Urumia made it increasingly imperative that some one with the ability, fairness, and influence to command the respect and confidence of all parties should be able to speak in the name of justice and righteousness. Not only Christians came to him for judgment and protection, but also Mohammedans who could not trust their own leaders.

He became a student of Persian law and acquainted with Oriental character and ways of thinking, and as conditions of life grew from bad to worse and Persian governmental authority became practically nil, he gained in power and leadership.

"Interested and marvelously informed and farsighted in politics, so wise and quick to see both and all sides of a question," writes an Anglican friend, "he was certainly an arbitrator of power and wisdom above any other—most extraordinarily impartial and disinterested. But to my mind he was above all else the minister of God, a teacher instinct with love and grace and the Spirit of God, in whom Christ so dwelt that all of self, or party, or sect, was over-ridden."

"His leadership was convincing rather than superficially magnetic; he commanded confidence through the cogency of his reasoning. There was something in his reserve that carried conviction. At the same time his leadership was thoroughly democratic. He did not stand on his superior knowledge or experience but talked things over freely and simply even with the youngest of his associates," says one of them. "His leadership in the Mission and in the community was by the right of intellectual grasp backed by character."

A judicious mind, a statesmanlike grasp of a situation, the ability to see clearly and quickly the real issue at stake, the greatness and magnanimity to ignore littleness and selfishness in others, the tact and sympathetic understanding which often enabled him to carry even his opponent with him, his reasonableness, his absolute integrity and impartiality; these were the qualities which made him the man for the times and gave him a position of power and influence in Northwest Persia that seldom comes to one man.

CHAPTER V: EDUCATIONAL AND MOHAMMEDAN WORK

During all of his missionary career, Mr. Shedd was engaged in educational work; after his father's death taking the place of leadership in theological teaching and much of the time in the College. He had served as superintendent of village schools and as member of the Educational Board of the Evangelical Church, so that his influence was felt in every department of the educational work.

Through all the history of the Mission in Urumia, efforts had been made to reach Mohammedans, but it was not until the fall of 1904 that the time was ripe for the opening of a school for Moslem boys. Mr. Shedd was chiefly instrumental in the establishment of this school, though other missionaries were associated with him.

The opening of the school was a great event; there had never been anything like it in Urumia, and it rapidly increased in numbers and influence. Mr. Shedd was in charge and it was his purpose to make it a positive missionary force. He rejoiced in the opportunity it afforded to form new friendships and to learn to use more freely the Turkish language, the common language of Urumia. He made many calls, especially in the homes of the boys, and found it hard, exacting work to get at anything beyond generalities and secularities. "For such work one needs to be *filled* even more than in more directly and ostensibly religious work," he wrote.

The boys, from six to eighteen, came from all classes of society, a considerable number from the families of the highest nobility, a larger number from families of lower rank who were rising in the social scale because of energy, and a few from poor families. The son of the nobleman, the merchant, the dervish, the son of a servant or day laborer, and sometimes even a young sayid, could be seen sitting side by side.

"The restraint in the matter of oaths, and insistence on truthfulness, is something that is immediately remarked by the boys. We hear of one boy giving his father lessons on the subject of oaths. The acquaintance with Western science, the close association with Christian teachers, the order of a Christian school, and much that can be said and done by the teachers in the innumerable opportunities of school life, are influences that cannot be without result. With these we must join the power of prayer."

"It is a comment on the externality of Islam that parents are willing enough to have their boys under the constant instruction of Christian teachers, but are nervously afraid lest they should be contaminated by drinking water that has been poured into jars by Christian hands. Happily we are able to give guarantee on this point," wrote Mr. Shedd.

The school was at first opened in a small yard near the City Compound, and later a fine property containing three and a half acres, within the city walls, was purchased. This property was known as "Sardari." After a few years, when the school was well established, it was united with the College under the name "American School." Mr. Shedd was largely responsible for this union of the Chrision and Mohammedan educational work which proved a great blessing to the whole community, bringing Christians, Jews, and Mohammedans together in friendly relations on a basis of equality, teaching mutual appreciation and breaking down religious and racial barriers.

The educational work for Moslems encountered difficulties, but the school held its own and exerted a powerful influence in the community. There was a time during the Revolution that the *anjuman,* or representative council, threatened to close it. Mr. Shedd replied that he would close it, but would let it be known that it was closed by order of the *anjuman.* It was very popular to be progressive at that time and the order for its closing was never given, while some of the leaders took trouble to tell him how much the school was appreciated.

The babel of languages was the most difficult pedagogical problem and taxed the curriculum and the daily program to the limit. French, English, Russian, Arabic, Syriac, Turkish and Armenian were taught. Because of the language difficulty, it was necessary to teach the elementary classes separately, the Syrians being taught in Syriac at the College, and the Persians in Turkish at Sardari. The upper classes were united at the latter place.

In the report of 1912 Mr. Shedd sets forth his ideas of the aims of the educational work: "Since the Station has seen fit to entrust to me the leadership of this educational work at a time when there are especially important questions of policy to be determined, it may be suitable to state briefly what seems to me to be the cardinal points in that policy.

"I should define the special *aim* of this work to be, (1) the training of Christian evangelistic workers for Persia, (2) through our pupils and through the general influence of the school to build up the Christian community in this region and particularly the Evangelical Church and (3) to exert deep Christian influence on the Christless community about us and particularly on the non-Christian pupils.

"I should say that the special service under God that we can do for Persia in our schools is in the training up of native evangelistic workers. Unless we do this we must condemn ourselves to failure in our special mission. . . . And no higher aim can possibly be set before educational workers.

"Closely connected with this is the aim of contributing directly and efficiently to the strength of the evangelical community about us, including the evangelical element in the Old Nestorian Church. The separate Protestant community has a difficult battle before it. It must not be a battle for life but one for conquest and there must be a spirit of aggression. The base must be strengthened in building up a community of industrial efficiency, moral excellence and sturdy intelligence; while the dominating aim of wide evangelistic service must permeate the community. The revivals of more than sixty years ago that were the glad birth-throes of this evangelical body began among the students of that day in the old seminary at Seir. We cannot lay down the lines of the Spirit's activity nor determine our part in His work, but we can and must expect to have a large share in this work. It is necessary also to consider the social and industrial problems. . . .

"Thirdly, the only way in which the Mission will reach its maximum efficiency in evangelizing non-Christians is to make every part and agency of its work evangelistic. This applies to ours as much as to any other department. Everywhere, but especially in school work, it is true that Christian evangelization is primarily the influence of the message of Christ through a person who knows Christ and testifies to Him. Hence the essential element is the Christian character of the school. This can be maintained only by 'prayer and fasting,' the latter being the limitation of our efforts and ambitions.

"Two indispensable conditions to success are pedagogical efficiency and adaptation to existing circumstances. The former requires a careful study of the methods of education and the latter an equally careful study of the actual conditions of life.

"We should have faith to expect that our school will play a part in the evangelization of Persia, not only locally but throughout the kingdom and beyond its borders greater than it has in the past and commensurate with the opportunity. And the faith requires work."

The report of the year 1914, the completion of the tenth year of the Moslem educational work, and up to the time when our work was greatly interrupted by the World War, shows what has been accomplished. The closing exercises for the Syrian community were held in the Syriac language in a large tent at the College where the work had been in progress for thirty-five years. There was an audience of about a thousand from the intelligent Christian community which had grown up through the years.

The closing exercises for the Mohammedans were held in the Turkish language at Sardari. The audience was representative, including a number of the principal nobles, among them being the brother of the Governor as his representative, a large number of landowners and merchants, Jews, Armenians, Syrians, Russians, and other foreigners. In the evening there was a banquet to celebrate the tenth anniversary, planned by the Moslem alumni, at which eighty of the "old boys" of the school were present. Among them were men from the Custom-house, Post-office, Persian Cossack Brigade, merchants, school-teachers and others. Some of the graduates were studying abroad in Switzerland, Paris, and in the United States. The "old boys" were the best advertisement the school had.

"This time is one of transition," said Mr. Shedd, "and it is not easy to accommodate our methods to the requirements of the time or to see clearly or with unanimity what those requirements are. Some of our best pupils, including two members of the graduating class, were taken from school by their parents because of the religious influence of the school. The attitude of our school to religion has been a matter of common discussion. One cannot wonder that this matter is discussed and that parents are perplexed. We say that in our opinion, morals cannot be enforced without religious sanctions and that the facts of Christian history and Christian morality are essential elements in modern education. We say, further, and I have found no one to contradict it, that in this time of increased disbelief in all religion there is no one fitted in any way among Mohammedans to meet sympathetically and frankly the doubts of young men and that it is our duty to do this. All this and more is said, and we make our position clear in practice as well as in words; but after all, to men who believe in Islam it must be a serious question how they can place their boys in an avowedly Christian school.

"Our schools do not cast off the culture of the East, but they complete and inspire it with a new spirit. May the American school here, with its more than two hundred boys of different nationalities and religions, give them those ideals and aspirations which only Christ can fulfill."

In the American School, with its large corps of teachers, both Christian and Moslem, as in other lines of work, Mr. Shedd displayed one of the great qualities of his leadership, in that while he led, he appreciated those who labored with him, placing responsibilities upon them and working harmoniously with them, inspiring and justifying their confidence.

A Syrian, Rev. Jacob David, who was

closely associated with him for thirteen years, says, "He always treated the teachers with the utmost consideration and courtesy. We never heard a single word from his lips to hurt our feelings. It was wonderful that he never commanded us, yet kept us working very hard. He was almost unique in his respect for the beliefs and rights of others, and that was the secret of his success as an educator. The teachers under such a great man, worked not grudgingly nor of necessity, but willingly and faithfully, not for the salary they received, but for the sake of the educational work in which Dr.[1] Shedd was interested. Whatever new step or method he suggested, we were ready to follow him because we believed in him and he was our ideal." After 1911, Rev. Hugo A. Muller was associated with Dr. Shedd in the American School.

In his training of young men for the native ministry, Dr. Shedd kept steadily before them the responsibility of the Evangelical Church for the evangelization of the Mohammedans, and the instruction was arranged to include a study of Islam as well as practical work. The students gained experience by going out with missionaries and native leaders for this work.

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[1] In 1907 the degree of Doctor of Divinity was given him by Marietta College.

Each was assigned preaching or other religious duties on Sundays in the hospital or in the villages. Frequently they were accompanied by Dr. Shedd and so learned at first hand his methods and caught something of his vision. Certainly the young men of later years had a clearer understanding of the greatness of the problem, a deeper sense of responsibility toward the Moslems, and a more earnest zeal for that service, because they sat at the feet of a great teacher. Said he, "If I could only see my boys going out of school here with something of the warrior spirit! The East loves to lie down in the sun and sleep."

"The ideal should be, I believe," he wrote, "toward the side of our Christian boys to turn out men in spirit and equipment, ready to be real missionaries to Islam, and who will stay and build up, as laymen and as preachers, the Christian community. On the Moslem side, we ought to aim to turn out men who can fit into life here and to present to them Christianity as the working religion of life. . . .

"It seems to me that the great influences we can set to work are personal influences, new knowledge of and new respect for Christianity, new ideas of the character and knowledge of Christ, and these can be imparted in no way so well as by personal influence, and I am sure it pays. . . .

"I pray to be delivered from restlessness and discontent, but I do so regret being kept from personal work."

His fitness and earnestness in this work are well attested by paragraphs culled from his letters: "Friday, my free day from school, was a busy one. In the morning, with two of our native workers, I had a two and a half hour interview with two Suffi Mohammedan teachers. One of them is a man of considerable reputation in Tabriz and Teheran and other places, I am told. The other is a sort of understudy. I hope to keep up interviews with them, for it seems to me that their attitude toward Christianity is a factor worth counting. The discussion we had was a good one. In the afternoon I had an interview with a strange case, a Moslem who believed he had been warned in a dream to follow Christ. He may be insincere, but I think not, and he is certainly ignorant. Next I had a lecture in the school on American history; most of the school boys were present and a number of others. I hope we can make occasional lectures the means of interesting intelligent people. In the evening I went to a literary club of Armenians and Syrians that I have been able to organize. Others are doing the same kind of work also, and yet it seems to me that we need to do more to extend the sphere of our personal influence."

"I was a good deal impressed by a remark made to me by a young Moslem with whom I walked out one day. He said that another Moslem had said, in a company of them, that if there were only one true follower of Christ he would take him, the follower, as his prophet, camp at his door like a dervish and kiss his feet, but that there was not one such."

"Last Sunday I went to Dizza and for three-quarters of an hour or more in a *kahwa,* or tea-house, we had a Socratic dialogue with a mullah. Perhaps I should not call it Socratic, as I think that neither party was trying to put the other in a hole. There was an audience of fifteen or twenty men from the village, sitting on the raised shelf around the edge of the room. Our talk was all on religion and was all very pleasant. I managed in the course of it to have my companion, a theological student, read aloud all the fifth chapter of Matthew and a number of other verses. Then I had two or three talks with mullahs that interested me. One of them told me of a definition of God that is quite good. They say that Mohammed was once asked by a scoffer, 'What is God?' He replied that when a man is helpless and alone, as a shipwrecked man on a plank, and calls for help, God is what man calls on. That is, men instinctively and everywhere expect help in need from a higher power."

"I had an interesting afternoon last Sunday. One of the mountain boys has for Sundays been going to Benda. I walked up with him. It was a warm, pleasant day and we found a crowd of about thirty in the open space near the bridge. I read to them in Turkish the sixth chapter of Matthew, with some remarks. They listened respectfully and interestedly. On our way back we went over to Janizlu, where we had a meeting in a house. There were about fifteen Moslems and eight or ten Syrians, and we had a talk and prayer in Turkish."

"I have made several calls lately on the Hadjis who have just gotten back from Mecca and it is interesting to see how little they have to say of the Holy City and how much of the sights along the road, especially of the wonders of Alexandria and Cairo.

"Two other calls I made yesterday were interesting to me. One was on the head of the dervishes here: He was a fat, comfortable-looking man whose father and grandfather and ancestry back several generations, according to his statement, have been heads of the dervishes here. With him were a lot of other dervishes not so comfortable looking by any means. I stayed about an hour and they sang to me in honor of Ali, one song in Turkish and one in Persian. The dervishes are of different orders and yet they all acknowledge the same local head or *Nakib;* they differ also in their beliefs. If I can find time, I would like to get better acquainted with some of them. I found that two of them had Testaments. The other call I made was on one of the principal and also meanest sayids in the city. There the head man got to talking about affairs in such a strain that I asked him if he had a Testament. He had none, but seemed very glad that he could get one, and I sent one back to him after I got home. There is a change in attitude in lots of these people."

"I had a long walk with one of the boys to visit some of the Moslem villages. It was not so successful as we hoped in a missionary way, but ten miles or so of walking in the clear air was fine. We came upon one camp of men working in a limekiln. They stopped to eat their bread, and the way they listened to the reading and the reverence with which they stood in prayer was an inspiration."

"Yesterday I had an interesting discussion with a sayid in the city and, I believe, left him thinking. He quoted a saying that is very Christian, 'The rich are God's agents, the poor are his children.' "

"How superficially we have reached the spirit and the mind of Persia. We must some of us, take time from the grind and machinery to get to close quarters with people and by loving controversy and fellowship, find out their beliefs and their struggles."

In answer to the question as to what the missionary attitude should be toward non-Christian religions, Dr. Shedd replied in a paper that makes clear his ideas and his methods: "It seems to me a distinction ought to be made between the attitude toward the individual Moslem and toward Islam," he said. "If we are careful to be respectful and courteous in the former, we can be more aggressive in the latter. In order to gain a hearing, it is necessary to be willing to give a patient hearing. In this line comes the importance of following Oriental ideas of courtesy in the forms of address and in the matter of referring to the Prophet and to the Koran. One should always be careful not to impugn the sincerity or the intelligence of the Moslem. If the proper attitude is preserved toward individuals, one can generally find the way to present the Gospel freely and fully. But this is not the point, of course; I do not think that I am intolerant and I do not want to minimize the common ground. But one must be sincere and discriminating. Islam as a system I believe to be an obstacle to social progress and also to honest religion. I cannot think it right for me to profess any other attitude in religious discussion. It may not be necessary for me to express my opinion, and it certainly is not incumbent on me to express it in an offensive way, but in my case I cannot honestly profess what I do not believe. Perhaps it might be put this way. The truth that there is in Islam is not helped to a useful expression by the institutions and ordinances of the Mohammedan religion; while the error and misrepresentation of the truth which is contained in the system obscure the truth it contains. So long as this is my belief, my real attitude is determined, if I am honest in my convictions. I think that a further distinction can be drawn between the truth in Islam and Islam, or it is often between the truth accepted by the person one is talking with and Islam; for Islam is not the only source of religious knowledge, nor are all apparent Moslems really such.

"The effort of Moslems, if they are friendly, is to show that the two faiths are practically identical, and that consequently there is no superiority on the side of Christianity. It is an advantage, of course, to find common ground, and the more common ground one can honestly discover, the better, provided one does not go beyond the common ground to that which is not common. In fact, it has seemed to me better to allow not only what the individual presents but all that can with any sort of propriety be claimed by Islam. In other words, to meet the strongest case that can be set up by the Moslem, whether that case is actually presented or not. However allowing all that can with any propriety be allowed in the way of common ground, there is always the opportunity to go on and show how the two faiths differ. I do not believe there is a single doctrine in which the teachings of the two religions are really identical. In admitting identity, the danger is that the truth of Christianity be minimized. For example, forgiveness by free grace is fundamental to both religions; but in Islam the basis is God's absolute will, and in Christianity, it is His justice and righteousness manifested in the Atonement.

"To stop at the common ground will give the impression that there is no difference and that in Christianity forgiveness is an act of God's absolute will. One needs also to discriminate in the use of language, and not to use terms that imply what he does not wish to imply. The uselessness and worse than uselessness of casual conversation on religious and moral topics is in the fact that almost inevitably platitudes are indulged in which give the impression of an agreement, which is really specious and deceptive. Perhaps I might illustrate what I am trying to say by a conversation yesterday. My caller was a very friendly mullah. He made a leisurely call and I found the opportunity to bring up the relation of faith to works, stating the New Testament teaching and asking him to give their belief. He did this in terms that were intended to show that there was no practical difference. I then asked about the merit attaching to pilgrimages, fastings, etc., trying to show that the doctrine of merit was not in agreement with forgiveness by faith, and tried to insist on the essential difference between his position and that of the New Testament. My purpose from the beginning was to get him to realize the difference in our beliefs. I don't mention this because there was anything remarkable in the conversation, but only to illustrate in a concrete way what seems to me the proper method. So, while emphasizing the fact of revelation, I tried to point out the Bible method of revelation in history, and the perfect life as essentially different and superior to the Moslem idea of a book sent down from Heaven. In relation to the finality of the Christian dispensation, I think it is important to contrast the doctrine of the Immanent Spirit with the doctrine of successive imams or prophets, showing that the former secures the Divine Presence in a real way, and the latter in an illusory way.

"By the way, I am afraid that I can't spot Pantheists, of whom Persia is supposed to be full, and I find more occasion to insist on God's Immanence than to limit ideas of His Immanence. I try to keep an open mind to learn from the East, and I have great hopes that Orientals will some day state truth in new and beautiful ways. They have a power of illustration and explanation that is very striking; but I have far less hope of new truths. Perhaps they will give us new balance to truth, a new and truer perspective in some things. . . .

"Various things the last year have made me realize that I have changed theologically. Perhaps what has influenced me as much as anything is closer contact with Mohammedanism. The influence is mostly by contrast. On the one hand, dealing with the legalistic and literalistic conception carried to extremes in Orthodox Islam has made me prize as never before the liberty of the Gospel, the freedom from Law, and the whole conception of Christianity as a power by grace. On the other hand, one sees a great deal of what is really 'New Theology,' divine immanence, indifference as to the way of religion, disregard of definition, exaltation of the common divinity of all; and while it is far more interesting than dry Mohammedan 'orthodoxy,' I am not sure but that it is ethically just as impotent and barren. So I am not 'new' or 'old,' for *Jalal ad Din* seven hundred years ago said far more beautifully and, I think, more truly the sayings of 'New Theology' which are being said now."

Personal work for Moslems and the visits to Moslem villages were his recreation and usually made on Sundays or Fridays, when school was closed. The desire to reach Moslems with Christian truth was a passion with him and expression was his rest. In the fall of 1909 he formally requested the Board that he be set aside for this work.

"Personal work for Moslems," he wrote, "is, of course, no new thing, and I do not know that I have anything especially new to contribute to it; and it is, of course, the kind of work that should accompany every line of work and be a part of every missionary's life. I think, however, that in religious discussion, whether controversial or evangelistic, there is need for special training and scope for special aptitudes. This is particularly the case with educated, theologically-inclined Mohammedans. In Persia this is a class that needs to be reached not simply for their own sake but also because of their influence over others. This leads to the second point as to studying the religious conditions of Persia. This is not so simple as it seems to be. Persia is full of all sorts of beliefs and sects, and only by patience and thought can their real beliefs be ascertained. Moreover, it has never been done with any degree of thoroughness. Yet it seems to me that it is very important for the sake of our missionary work. Such study would be of permanent and not merely of local and transient value. Out of such work one might well hope to be able to make contributions of some value also to the literature of the Christian propaganda among Moslems. So what I ask is that I should be able to consider work of this character my first work."

Dr. Shedd was exceptionally well fitted to present Christianity to Mohammedans. In the words of another, "He was of careful and conservative temper but his mind worked unceasingly and with fearless originality on the problems of the theological and apologetic statement of Christianity to Mohammedans, and on all questions of Mission policy and Church organization. He was a candid and penetrating investigator of Mohammedanism and of the books and institutions of Islam. No one surpassed him in his skill or zeal as a personal evangelist to Mohammedans or to Jews in Urumia."

Because of the pressure of institutional work and an inadequate missionary force, he was never given as large an opportunity as he desired to devote himself to Moslem work, but as head of the American School, and exerting every personal influence, he made for himself a large place in the esteem and confidence of the Mohammedan community, so that when Urumia was overwhelmed by the forces of evil set loose by the World War, he was able to exert a commanding influence for righteousness and civilization.

CHAPTER VI: PREACHER AND SCHOLAR

No matter how busy in other matters, Dr. Shedd was a constant preacher, especially in the later years. He had felt that he could do his best work in other lines than in preaching, but his power as a preacher increased with the growth and experience of the years, and his ability to express his thoughts clearly and forcibly could not be excelled. The impression he made upon the people is summed up by one of the Syrian preachers: "He was a brief speaker and for every question he had a concise answer, but very satisfying. His speeches were not like thunder, nor like a whirlwind, but short, quiet, and impressive. He was not an orator; his delivery was slow but ornamented with pure and attractive logic which his audience would accept with great appreciation."

On a short vacation from school, he visited one of the large Christian villages and returned filled with enthusiasm for the evangelistic opportunities there. "I never in my life had a share in a work which was so evidently of the Holy Spirit as our work in that village. Everything seems to have been ready for a harvest, and we believe many were brought to accept Christ as their Saviour, and the spiritual life of many more was deepened," he said. On his return from this village, one of his associates remarked of him, "He is a wonderful fellow; everything he undertakes, he does well. Now he has caught a new glow of evangelistic zeal and has added another department of work for which he is capable." Just before this experience he had been disappointed, owing to ill-health, in his anticipated visit to the Cairo Conference, but when he came home from this work in the village, he remarked with beaming face, "If I had gone to Cairo, I should have missed this."

Many of the most important problems to which Dr. Shedd was giving his thought and time were those concerning the Evangelical Church, which always held a large place in his own missionary life as in his father's.

In 1909 the question of the union of the Evangelical Church with the Old Church was thoroughly discussed. The Nestorian Church existed almost entirely among the Syrian mountain tribes who lived in Turkish territory.

The Evangelical Church membership was largely confined to the Urumia plain, though there was regular work and a number of organized churches among the mountain Syrians. The final decison of such a question as union rested upon the two bodies concerned, but no one was more sincerely in earnest in trying to find a possible basis of union between these two Christian bodies which were so largely responsible for the evangelization of the Mohammedan world about them, than Dr. Shedd. "I suppose that the real reason for separation," he said, "not merely here but in Christendom, is in order to secure strength by isolation; but those principles which are developed by isolation must surely be given the opportunity for free influence in the whole body of Christians by increasing unity. This is being accomplished in other places by the free interchange of opinion and coöperation. So here the evangelical principles ought to have as free a field for influence as we can get for them, so far as we can trust their strength to withstand the perils that must come from that unity and larger opportunity. I should probably have been a High Churchman if I had been born an Episcopalian, for the idea of unity and catholicity attracts me. But I think in this case the limitation for the spread of evangelical principles and the need of the Old Church for our strong Evangelical party are the considerations. It is a hard problem and one that involves some fundamental questions. . . .

"I don't know what the future has and don't want to know, but I am sure that it is always right to find out what is common ground not so much in belief as in faith and love and experience."

The time was not ripe for the union of the two bodies, but the Old Church consented to the Evangelicals preaching in the Nestorian churches, while the Evangelicals agreed not to form new churches among the Nestorians in Kurdistan. This was the policy followed up to the outbreak of the World War, when the Christians were all driven out of Turkey, and the Evangelical Church was scattered. In 1912 this Church celebrated its fiftieth anniversary. In an address at this celebration, Dr. Shedd voiced its two most important responsibilities when he said, "The justification for the existence of the Church will lie not so much in its doctrine as in its missionary activity. Our justification will be very largely in the work done in making the Gospel known to Moslems and extending evangelical truth among the various peoples, Christian and non-Christian, with whom its members come in contact. . . .

"The time has come when this Church should assume the full right to direct its own affairs and do its own work."

During the last decade in Urumia the problem of the independence of the Church was much discussed. The difficulty was not that the Church was demanding its independence but that it feared to assume responsibility. The Evangelistic Board as the executive body of the Church, on which the Station was represented, had for a long time accepted responsibility for at least one-third of the financial support of the whole body, while a few of the individual churches were entirely self-supporting.

The Church finally accepted its independence and with the Mission agreed upon certain principles for guidance in their mutual relationships.

"(1) The principle that the Mission should not exercise control over the Native Church, this being so interpreted that even the grant of money aid does not carry with it the right of control over the expenditure of the money.

(2) The Mission is not under compulsion

to make grants in aid to the Church, and in making such grants, the understanding if not the formal condition, should be that they are not for the purpose of enabling the Christian communities to have 'regular services,' but to aid them as evangelistic agencies.

(3) The principle of coöperation as separate bodies in the relation of the Mission and the Church. They are bound together by bonds of love and service.

(4) The Mission may properly exercise independent control of the work carried on by it which is in character auxiliary to rather than essentially a part of the Church work, such as educational, literary, and medical work. This line cannot be arbitrarily drawn and there will be need of patience, forbearance, and careful thought.

(5) As missionaries we have both the right and the privilege to be evangelists, but in the exercise of this work among Moslems and non-Moslems, care must be taken to stimulate and not discourage the missionary spirit of the Church."

Through the half century of its existence, with all its weakness and lack of initiative, the Church has not been untrue to its missionary responsibilities, and probably no Church in the

Orient, in proportion to its numbers, has sent out so many preachers, teachers, colporteurs, and other Christian workers, not only throughout Persia, but even beyond her borders.

Such was the development of the Syrian Evangelical Church at the opening of the Great War which brought to this little isolated body of Christians such persecutions, massacre, and destruction as have been inflicted upon no other Church in modern times. Probably as many as four-fifths of its ordained men and other trained workers, and two-thirds of its membership have perished either by violence or as the result of persecution. The little remnant is scattered to the four winds, still "bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus" and witnessing to His life which is in them.

Dr. Shedd was too busy a man to do the literary work for which he was so well fitted, as he once said, "I have found out long ago that writing and studying have to be subordinate parts of my life, and I try to accept it without grumbling and keep on writing and studying when I can."

He was profoundly thoughtful and his scholarly mind with its wonderful powers of concentration was the servant of the Work, so that his literary skill was devoted largely to the inconspicuous tasks of the Mission, though he was a frequent contributor to magazines. While at home on his first furlough, 1902-1903, he gave a course of lectures on the Historical Relations of Islam and the Oriental Churches, which were prepared to fill the Student Missionary Lectureship at Princeton. They were also delivered at Auburn, McCormick, and Chicago Theological Seminaries, and at the Presbyterian Theological Seminary of Kentucky. Later they were published in the book entitled *Islam and the Oriental Churches.*

A piece of scholarly work upon which he labored for many years was the Syriac Concordance of the Peshitta. Prof. Duncan B. MacDonald of Hartford Theological Seminary is best acquainted with the story of that Concordance and contributes its history. He says, "From a letter of Dr. Benjamin Labaree, dated from Urumia, April 11, 1902, I learn that Professor George Foote Moore, then of Andover Seminary, now of Harvard University, was 'the real father of the movement,' and that he suggested that it should be confined at first to the Old Testament, and that the Urumia edition should be taken as a basis and that the Lee edition should be let alone.

"In the summer of 1901 Dr. Labaree approached the Hartford Theological Seminary through Professor L. B. Paton with a proposal that it should undertake the financial support of this Concordance, and should also advise as to its form and plan. The scholars in charge at Urumia had come to recognize that, while on the one hand, it was intended for the use of the Syriac community in Persia as a concordance of their Scriptures, on another hand, it would be of great importance to western scholars and must be adapted to their needs. But at that time the Hartford Seminary had no funds for such a purpose and the matter hung on, but was by no means dropped from our minds. The work, however, was still pushed at Urumia and in January, 1902, the slips for the Old Testament were within two months of being completed. In the meantime I had been so fortunate as to come into correspondence with Dr. W. A. Shedd in connection with the researches which had led up to his excellent book, *Islam and the Oriental Churches,* which was published in 1904. I had the privilege of reading the MS. of this book and of offering some suggestions on it. I had also been in correspondence with B. W. Labaree, one of my old students, from his return to Persia and up to the time of his murder. It was natural, then, that in May, 1903, Dr. W. A. Shedd should write me from California about the raising of money for this purpose, although this, for some months, only kept the matter before the Seminary. But steps were being taken, and through the generosity of some friends of the Seminary, among whom Mr. D. Willis James was by far the largest contributor, its Research Fund was established. This was largely for the direct purpose of supporting the Concordance, as Mr. James was particularly attracted by the idea that a Mission Station should make so signal a contribution to scholarship. Thus in the middle of 1904 I was able to write hopefully to Dr. Labaree as to our taking part. The work with the classifying of the slips was begun again at Urumia, and a letter from Dr. Labaree, dated September 6, 1904, marks this new start and tells that the slips for the Pentateuch were almost arranged.

"In November, 1904, the whole charge at Urumia was handed over to Dr. Shedd, who had had much to do with the undertaking from the beginning, and from that time on the correspondence was between Dr. Shedd and myself. I was entrusted by the Seminary with the task of drawing a plan for the Concordance and with the duty of generally advising on the work, and the plan so drawn up was approved on January 17, 1905, by a committee consisting of President MacKenzie, Dean Jacobus, Professor Nourse and myself. In 1905 began also the financial contributions of the Seminary which ultimately reached almost three thousand dollars.

"The work so far had been most completely and admirably done, and the problem for the future was only the arrangement of the materials gathered and the decision as to how much could be used.

"It is with a very melancholy interest that I have gone over the correspondence recording these long labors now vanished from the earth, having left, humanly speaking, no trace behind. My own work upon it was nothing compared with that of Dr. Labaree, Dr. Shedd and their native assistants. The financial contribution of the Seminary was little beside their patient, year-long labors.

"This was one of the great undertakings of scholarship and its destruction is one of the greatest blows that Semitic scholarship has ever received, and it is to be reckoned among the historic calamities of learning. It had been a vindication of missionary enterprise as applied to sound scholarship. As the Urumia Syriac Old Testament had been one of the foundations of Syriac learning, so this Concordance would have been a basis for any future critical edition of the Peshitta and would have put the lexicography of Syriac on a new footing. In it the glory of the ancient Nestorian community would have been revived in the scholarly labors of its last descendant. And it is in a sense fitting, if also heartbreaking, that this last monument of Nestorian scholarship should have passed away in the destruction of the Nestorian race.

"Dr. Shedd's Syriac scholarship and the breadth of his knowledge as to the history of the Syrian Church had become plain to me in our correspondence on his book. I had learned, too, how open and catholic a spirit he had on religious questions and how eager he was for the deepening and widening of the training of missionaries. I was now to learn, in connection with the Concordance, how accurate his scholarship was and what patient pains he could take in the minutest details. We soon worked out the plan. It was to be a Concordance of the Perkins or Urumia edition of the Old Testament, without the Apocrypha, according to the Nestorian Canon.

With the Urumia text Ceriani's photo-lithograph of the Codex Ambrosianus (a MS. of the VIth.-VIIth. centuries) was collated and all the variants recorded. The same was done with Barnes' critical edition of the Psalms and with his 'Text of Chronicles,' where the text of 'Urumia' was weak. Recognition of Lee's edition, of that of Mosul and that in the Polyglots seemed unnecessary. The order finally adopted was that of the Hebrew text, as to books, chapters, and verses. Everything was put in except enclitics, inseparable prepositions and particles; for proper names there were references only. All this is simply to put on record that such work was done and done largely through the tireless energy of Dr. Shedd applied through long years and in constant fighting of ill-health and eye trouble. It was an amazing piece of work and yet only a part of his amazing life.

"When the war finally broke out, the work was ready for the printer and had been tested and corrected throughout. Dr. Shedd was occupied in reviewing the corrections when he was compelled to stop. The story of the destruction of the MS. is part of the story of the destruction of the Urumia Mission."

CHAPTER VII: HOME LIFE

In April, 1903, William A. Shedd and Miss Louise Wilbur of Riverside, California, were married, and a few months later the home was re-established. Mrs. Shedd was not a stranger in Urumia, having been for a number of years a member of the Station, first as teacher for the missionary children and later principal of Fiske Seminary, and so was able to enter sympathetically into the missionary activities of her husband and to take her share of the burdens and responsibilities of a missionary home. Louise Shedd never allowed personal comfort or convenience to interfere with her husband's work. He was very dependent upon the support and affections of the home and was largely able to maintain his health and do his work because they were never failing. He was not a financier; money had little value to him except as a means of procuring the necessary things of living, and it was as likely to be applied to other people's needs as his own. His only extravagance was in giving, hence it devolved upon the wife to manage the family finances. Theirs was a home of simple tastes, plain living, and high thinking, where self-denial was cheerfully practiced. Two more daughters were added to the family and no man ever enjoyed his family more than Dr. Shedd.

The burdens of the years of turmoil and ceaseless activity had left their marks on a not very strong body. Dr. Shedd suffered frequently from corneal ulcers, but even when confined to a dark room, he was kept busy with the many persons who needed his advice. "You know there is not a lazy bone in Will's body," wrote Mrs. Shedd. "I never saw any one who could turn out work as he can, and while he is not robust, and has to take a good deal of medicine, by conscientious care of his diet and exercise, by working without fret and worry, and by living as regular a life as possible, he does more than most strong men."

The latter part of 1909 his health became seriously impaired. His trouble was diagnosed as "incipient tuberculosis," and on Christmas day he wrote a friend, "Others have, I believe, written you about the change in my work that has seemed necessary. It is a little hard, not a *little* hard either, but really one of the hardest things I have ever had to meet that the change has come for such a reason. I hope that it may all come out so that I may do better work, if not more work, and that it may be the work where I can do the best service. . . .

"The name 'tuberculosis' is not pleasant and I have been rebellious, but I have no right to be, of course. . . .

"The sense of deprivation from work is sometimes very keen."

His was a simple faith, yet clear and satisfying intellectually. Heart and mind, faith and life, were centered in Christ and dominated by Him, as he testified, "The center and ground of my faith is the Lord Jesus. It seems to me I would yield allegiance to Him and trust my soul to Him whether I found Him in the Bible or out of it; whether in life, literature, or tradition. He is the ultimate ground of faith. Out of this grows a faith in God, His Father and ours, in the Spirit sent by Him and in the Scriptures which testify of Him. . . .

"With me, at least, it is Christ Who holds me to the faith, and not the theory of the faith that makes Christ credible."

This period of being laid aside was a hard experience such as only a man accustomed to a life of strenuous activity could fully appreciate. It was also a time of preparation, spiritually and physically, for the years just ahead.

There was a year of resting in Persia, though he was not idle. Among many other things he did, was the revision of the Syriac Hymn-book. He longed for an unirrigated country, "a country carpeted with God's own greensward and beautified with God's own forests." This he found to the full in Switzerland, where he spent several months with his family. While there he worked on his father's biography, but mostly tramped about the country with the children and rested. They came to America for a visit and in the autumn of 1911 he was pronounced fit to return to Persia.

The political situation in Persia was bad and the Russians had brought in more troops for the "pacification of the country." Mr. Shuster after a long fight had to give up and accept his dismissal.

As early as 1913 there were serious threatenings of a general massacre of Christians in Turkey. Dr. Shedd and Dr. E. W. McDowell, who was in charge of Evangelical Church work among mountain Syrians, made a visit to Kochanis to discuss with Mar Shimon, the Nestorian Patriarch, the safety of the Christians. It was only a little over a year afterward, in the late summer of 1915, that the blow fell, and practically all the Syrian Christians who escaped massacre, fled across the border into Persia, where they found temporary refuge.

The Kurds were demanding autonomy under the leadership of the grandson of Bedr Khan Bey, who seventy years before was responsible for the massacre of the Christians. As has been said, the Turks were laying claim to Persian territory west of Urumia Lake. A Turko-Persian boundary commission was appointed, on which were represented Great Britain, Russia, Turkey, and Persia. The frontier was marked out for a thousand miles, from the Persian Gulf to Mount Ararat, the Turks losing all the territory they had seized in northwest Persia.

Dr. Shedd on his return from America had resumed his leadership in the Educational work and in the Legal Board and other departments with which he had been identified. Then came the World War, which brought to him tremendous burdens and responsibilities, but that is a unique story and will be told in the chapters that follow.

MEMBERS OF THE PRESBYTERIAN MISSION IN URUMIA IN 1915.

Rev. F. G. Coan,
Mrs. Ida Speer Coan,
Rev. E. W. McDowell,
Mrs. Mary Coe McDowell,
Rev. Wm. A. Shedd,
Mrs. Louise Wilbur Shedd,
Rev. E. T. Allen,
Mrs. May Wallace Allen,
Mrs. Bertha McConaughy Cochran, (Mrs. J. P.)
Miss Mary E. Lewis,
Miss Edith D. Lamme,
Rev. Hugo A. Muller,
Mrs. Laura McComb Muller, M. D.
Miss Lenore R. Schoebel,
Miss Elizabeth V. Coan,
Dr. H. P. Packard,
Mrs. Francis Bayley Packard.

Mlle. Madeleine Perrochet, a Swiss girl recently come to Urumia as teacher for the missionary children.

In Charge of Christ's Home for Children, sent from Warminster, Pa.

Rev. Herman Pflaumer,
Mrs. Helen Pflaumer,
Miss Ena Bridges.

CHAPTER VIII: THE ADVOCATE OF THE CAPTIVES

At the opening of the Great War in the summer of 1914, the Russians were in military occupation of the Urumia region. When the order came for the mobilization of the Russian army, there was great excitement. For a while it looked as if the whole force would withdraw. Such an event would have been disastrous to the Christian population, but it was evident that the Moslems would not have grieved. As it was, a small force stayed, fortifications were built around the city and preparations made for its defense. Turks and Kurds began to gather on the border and in September the Christians of the border region abandoned their villages and came to Urumia.

Before Turkey's public entrance into the War, early in October, an attack under Turkish officers was made upon the city of Urumia. The Russians brought their mountain guns into action from a position near our Mission. As we watched the battle from our roof, we could follow the flight of the cannon balls through the trees and with our telescope could see them strike among the rocks where the enemy were stationed on the opposite hills. Certain massacre would have followed the success of this attack but the city was saved just in the nick of time by the arrival of fresh Russian troops. A Persian Nationalist who took part in this attack, said afterwards that the fighting force of Kurds and Turks was followed by thousands of unarmed Kurds, men, women, and children, ready to join in the sack of the city and carry off the plunder. The people were all looking to the American Mission as a place of refuge, in case the city fell.

There was a widespread sympathy on the part of Persians for the enemies of Russia, partly because they hated the Russians and partly due to Turkish agents getting ready for war with Russia.

"The Nationalist movement in Persia," wrote Dr. Shedd, "which had begun a decade previously, and which succeeded in establishing the form of Parliamentary government, was a genuine popular movement, but it failed. It neither established a stable, representative government nor produced an enlightened despot. It left behind it in Persia a smoldering Nationalist aspiration, discontented because of its failure, for which it largely blamed Russia.

Russian influence antagonized the popular feeling, though it tended to secure order in the country. It left behind it also a set of professional revolutionists, men of some enterprise but no principle. Many of these were forced to flee and found an asylum in Turkey and in the war were active Turkish partisans. So in spite of the historic hatred, both national and religious, the Persians being Shia or Shiite Moslems, Persia's sympathy was with Turkey when she entered the war."

The topographical and geographical relationship of Persia, Turkey and Russia makes this corner of Persia strategetically important and both Turkey and Russia wanted to hold it. It furnished a road from the Russian railway at Julfa through Khoi to Van in Turkey, and was a possible avenue for the movement of troops from Mesopotamia to the Caucasus.

During the last weeks of 1914 there were premonitions of danger in Urumia, but the Russians gave assurance that they would hold that front at all odds. Without any warning, as far as we knew, the order came to the Russian troops for the evacuation of the whole region and during the night of January 1, 1915, they began to move out. In the morning there was panic everywhere as the news of the evacuation circulated. The Christian population was at the mercy of Turks and Kurds and Persians. Dr. Shedd hastened to the Russian Consulate and found it already dismantled and everybody getting ready to leave. It was evident there was no help from the Russians and taking leave of the Consul with the words, *"Panah ba Khuda,"* "Refuge with God," he returned to the city. We missionaries got together and faced the situation. No one wanted to leave and there was so much uncertainty as to how and where to go that it was decided that all should stay. Tabriz was the location of the nearest American Consulate but we did not know that the roads would be open nor whether that city would be any safer than Urumia.

With the Russian authority gone and the Persian government paralyzed, Dr. Shedd was the man to whom everybody looked for leadership. He accepted the responsibility thus thrust upon him and for the next five months became the advocate and protector of thousands of helpless people who had no one else to whom to look. Writing of that first day, he said, "I called on the *mujtahid,* the principal religious leader in the city, and on one or two others and urged them to take measures to secure the establishment of some sort of government to meet the difficult situation which confronted us. In the afternoon the chief men of the city got together to plan. They did not dare set up a new governor yet, though they were certain that the governor, who was a Russian partisan and instrument, would not stay. For three days I was in constant communication with the chief nobles and ecclesiastics. Urumia had an unusual number of high officials in title but there was neither unity nor efficiency in the lot, and it was impossible to get vigorous action for the protection of the city itself, while murder and robbery ruled in the villages without let or hindrance. It was no encouragement to be in the councils of the big men of the city. There was no unity, no resolution.

"The English missionaries, who were our good friends, left in the evening. The French missionaries decided to stay, and one result of our troubles was that we were thrown together in the closest associations with them and were good friends, too. The Belgian head of Customs brought his rugs and piano for us to keep, and the Russian Mission sent some of its goods. In general we did a big business as residuary legatees.

"The next day there were more conferences with the city people, and I began in earnest the work that kept up for months, constantly calling on the authorities and others, who in any way could help in securing safety for the Christians. That Sunday was a terrible day. When I walked out to the city gate early in the morning, everything was quiet, not a Russian was in sight, all had gone. Soon the crowd gathered, not of Russians but of Moslems, and plundering began. People were coming from the villages and filling up our premises.

"We must get in touch with the Kurdish chiefs, so we sent a note with one of our gatekeepers, to Karini Agha, the principal Kurd now approaching the city. He sent back a favorable reply. The next day was still worse. Dr. Packard with a few others started out to meet Karini Agha. He found the people of Geogtapa, the largest of the Christian villages, fleeing to the city, running the whole six miles a veritable gauntlet of roughs who robbed them of everything they could lay hold of. There was every reason to believe that soldiers, servants of the nobility, and others, and some of the big people shared in the plunder of these robbers, who were city Mohammedans."

That night when Dr. Packard returned, he brought with him fifteen hundred or more of the Geogtapa people whom he had rescued from massacre through his influence with the Kurdish chiefs.

By the morning of January 3, the people began pressing into our yards in crowds. The larger part of them had been stripped of everything but the few clothes on their backs. It was winter with snow and slush, the temperature often ten to twenty degrees (Fahr.) below freezing, and many suffered greatly on the road. We emptied all the school-rooms and store-rooms, to get ready for the rush. The big study-hall of Fiske Seminary was full of desks and not thought suitable for living quarters. Here fires were built and the shivering women and children brought in to get warm. They remained here for months and many of them were carried to their graves from that room. On the desks and under them, on the platform and in the aisles, they lived and sickened and died. The church filled up with mountaineers. The Press, administration building, boys' school at Sardari, college and hospital buildings all filled up. Still they came, first from the nearer villages, then from the more distant ones, till every hall-way, washhouse, cellar, and closet was packed full, not lying-down but sitting-up full.

In our own houses, in kitchens, dining-rooms, parlors, hallways, and bedrooms, were the relatives of the servants and our special friends. As the refugees continued to pour into our yards by the thousands and as our own buildings filled up, we took the surrounding yards, all of which belonged to Syrians, who were eager to connect their yards with ours by cutting holes through the walls, or by ladders where the walls were low. These yards were soon overflowing with the relatives and friends of the owners. Then we took houses across the street, and farther out into the Christian quarters. Later we used the Nestorian Church, the Russian School, and the houses left vacant by Russians and native Christians when they fled with the army. The large English Mission adjoining our property was opened into ours and an American flag was placed over the gate. We had more than fifty properties occupied with refugees and these all had to be controlled and protected and most of them fed. During the first weeks there were fifteen thousand or more crowded into our own and adjoining yards. The people always referred to this siege as their "Captivity."

The storeroom at the gate, with mud floor and walls, was used as a temporary place for caring for those wounded on their way to our premises. One of those early days a little girl was brought in shot in the thigh, the wound having gone undressed for several days. The father had been shot in the village while carrying the child and the bullet had passed through his body, wounding the little girl. All of this family of six were killed or died of their wounds except the mother.

A Syrian physician was always on duty in the city yard and was kept busy from morning till night with these cases.

There was urgent demand for a maternity ward, but we could find only two small rooms for the mothers, many of whom had not even a quilt. Several children were born in the crowded church, but nearly all of them died. The Seminary dining-room was reserved as a ward for measles, and was soon overflowing.

The unpretentious gateway of our main city compound was of strategic importance. It opened on the most frequented street in the city and thousands passed it every day. All other gates in our compound and adjoining yards were closed, bolted and barred. This being the only entrance to the whole Christian community, the traffic and the throngs who passed through every day were a tremendous task to regulate and control, and required the constant vigilance of a missionary. A number of Persian guards were placed here but they could not be depended upon and Mr. Muller and his unarmed Syrian police were always at "attention." The frightened fugitives, stripped and often wounded, the porters with their loads of bread from the bazaar, the hundreds who formed the long breadline every day, Persian, Turkish and Kurdish officials who came to see Dr. Shedd, friendly Moslems and messengers, all had to be admitted, but it was equally important to keep out those who would make trouble. This had to be done by diplomacy rather than force. Calls of distress had to be answered. There were frequent troubles and excitements outside that threw the terrified refugees into panic and unless handled with tact and wisdom might have serious consequences. This all devolved upon the keeper of the gate, who was a sort of composite of St. Peter and Horatius.

One day word came to Dr. Shedd in the

main city compound that Kurds were breaking into Sardari. He grabbed his hat and ran out, calling the Turkish guard at the gate to follow him, and arrived at Sardari just in time, for the Kurds were about to break through the back gate. The refugees would have had little chance if once they had gotten inside. After refugees had been put into houses outside our compounds, frequently a call of distress would come after night, and Dr. Shedd or others, lantern in hand, would go to rescue helpless girls or women from the lawless soldiery.

"Among the thousands of patient sufferers in the City Compound," writes Mr. Muller, "one poor woman had lost her reason and had become a raving maniac. Her little baby was not safe in her presence. She had just been given an opiate and sent to the hospital. A score of persons followed Dr. Shedd to his buggy as he prepared to go to his home and laid before him as many different questions and pleas. As he seated himself, a bundle was passed to him. It was the helpless little waif whose mother had suffered beyond endurance. He wrapped the little bundle of rags in his laprobe and held it as tenderly as though it were his own first born, while the carriage jolted heavily over the cobblestones to the hospital."

At the College Compound where Dr. Coan was in charge, the crowds had taken possession of every foot of room while their cattle roamed all over the yards. One day six hundred people, led by their pastor, came in from the village of Kala Ismail Agha, which had been built up by a group of refugees who had escaped the Turkish massacres of 1895. They had been promised by the Turks that they would be safe and so had remained in the village. Kurds came and after being fed as guests of the village, they disarmed the men and began to slaughter the people, killing over thirty and wounding many others. The villagers scattered and ran to the hills where after wandering about in cold and hunger, they found their way to the Mission.

News of the evacuation of the Russian army reached the villages at the northern end of Urumia plain late in the evening of January 2, and by midnight the people were hastening after the army toward Julfa. By morning practically every Christian village of that section was deserted. The cattle were left standing in the stables, and the furnishings and food supplies were left in the houses. Horses, donkeys, or any animals that could be used as beasts of burden were at a premium. Only small sums of money were usually kept on hand, so that many who were comparatively rich started out on that journey with almost nothing. Nearly all were on foot and during the week of trudging through snow and slush, their clothing, quilts and even food had to be discarded in order to carry the children. At night it was impossible to find shelter. The old and weak died along the road and those who finally reached Julfa were so wretched and emaciated that their friends did not recognize them.

The Armenians and Syrians in southern Russia helped their people and in every place that these refugees found shelter in the Russian villages, the peasants helped to the limit of their ability. Later, the Russian Government gave a regular allowance to them.

Two or three days after the evacuation by the Russians, the Turks occupied Urumia, and the end of the first week found the Turkish Consul in control of affairs, as the Russian Consul had been previously. Azim-es-Saltanah Sardar, a local nobleman, was the head of the nominal Persian Government, and used his influence to save life and protect property, though he had no authority and little power. He was in the humiliating position of having to work in subordination to the Turks and of having to help them to collect supplies and funds for their army. The Turkish military commander with a force of troops varying from a few hundred to fifteen thousand usually worked with the Consul, though not without friction and jealousy.

For the Moslems the situation was rather mixed. They rejoiced over the departure of the Russians and the large majority joined the mob in looting the Christians; while many of them were guilty of worse crimes, murder, rape, and forcible conversion of girls and women. They preferred Turkish invasion to Russian occupation and yet found it humiliating and distressing to see the plain overrun by their enemies, the Kurds and the Turks in control of the country.

Many of the Moslems on pretense of friendship took Christians and their goods into their homes. A great deal of this goods was never returned to the owners, some of it being seized by Turks and Kurds and more of it appropriated by the Moslem protectors. One of our preachers after being plundered of everything by his Moslem neighbors, was received as a refugee into one of their homes. Here he was fed on his own food, from his own dishes and slept on his own bed, all of which they had stolen from him. Persons kept by Persians were frequently compelled to accept Islam in order to secure safety for themselves or their relatives.

When the troubles began, the total Christian population, including a thousand refugee families of mountaineers, was about thirty-three thousand. After the exodus to Russia approximately twenty-five thousand remained. Of these, not more than a thousand families escaped being robbed of all their possessions, and many of these were partially robbed. Over two hundred Christian girls and women were forced to become Moslems. Hundreds of women and girls were violated, about a thousand Christians were killed and four thousand died of disease. Thus twenty per cent perished in five months.

All this time within our Mission Compounds there was constant watching day and night. There were times when the missionary men took turns in keeping awake all night. We had Persian and Turkish soldiers as guards, and at the College Kurdish guards, but there was no relaxing our vigilance. It was this constant anxiety and the possibility of trouble any minute that was most wearing. Dr. Shedd was busy day and night going to the Persian Governor, the Turkish Consul, the Turkish Commander, the Kurdish Chiefs or others in authority, and by diplomacy, by courage, by patience, he won his case and kept the imprisoned Christian community from the worst that always threatened. There seems no answer as to why Justice and Righteousness so often won against such odds, except that God fought with those that contended for them.

One day while at dinner at the College, word was brought to Dr. Shedd that Kurds had just passed the gate with three Christian women captives. He jumped from the table and with the gatekeeper ran to the village where the women had been taken, recovered them from their captors, and brought them back. Another time he sent horsemen after women who were being carried off and recovered them five miles away. A certain Turkish officer had the reputation of beating his prisoners and using the bastinado on them till their feet were bruised and swollen. So, one evening when an order came for Dr. Shedd to appear before this man, there was considerable anxiety, and the people in the yards thought he was going to his doom. Some of the missionary men accompanied him and found this insignificant little officer ranting because their soldiers, sick with typhoid, had not been received into our overcrowded hospital when Dr. Packard himself was down with typhus. Mr. Muller writing of the incident says:

"It is hard to tell how diplomats are able to turn delicate situations to good account, but the fact is they do it. Before we left the officer that evening, he had been persuaded by Dr. Shedd that it would not be wise for his soldiers to be in the American Hospital, and a plan was made for a separate hospital to be outfitted near the city for the soldiers, and to be under the superintendence of the Mission medical staff."

A native woman once remarked, "When Dr. Shedd speaks, every word comes to its place so well that there is nothing left to be said."

There was occasionally need of discipline within our yards. There was no way of administering punishment to offenders officially, for no one had money to pay fines and they could not be turned over to others no matter what they did. A young man came to Dr. Shedd complaining that another youth had stolen his shoes and was wearing them. The two men were ordered to come to Dr. Shedd informally in the yard for an investigation. The defendant denied the charge. Dr. Shedd asked the plaintiff where he had bought his shoes. "In Chicago, from such and such a firm," he replied. Then of the defendant, "Where did you get yours?" "From a Russian soldier who bought them in Russia," he answered. He was ordered to remove his shoes; the trademark bore the name of a Chicago firm. The shoes were returned to their owner, and swift punishment was meted out to the thief, such as sent him slinking away, while the large and appreciative crowd of spectators marveled at the wisdom of the *sahib.*

"We were not even as well off as castaways on a desert island," wrote Dr. Shedd, "for we had no assurance that the storm might not overwhelm the premises in which we lived. To change the figure, we had to steer our ship through unnumbered perils, some as hidden as the slinking submarine. Securing safety was not a problem of force but of diplomacy. We could to a limited extent urge our rights as foreigners, but we had no official status and excepting when it suited their purpose, the Turks refused to recognize us as having the quasi-official position given us by the Persians. This came to a direct issue on the question of the use of the American flag.

"The Turkish officials made the demand first of the Persian Governor and then directly of me that all American flags be taken down, alleging that their use caused a feeling of insecurity and that we had no official right to use them. The Persian Governor maintained that we should keep the flag over our own premises and this was finally agreed to by all. We were able to keep the matter dragging along and not one of a score of American flags was taken down until security of life was restored by the Russians. Our street was dominated by the Stars and Stripes, and the sight was like a Fourth of July and a Lucknow siege. The flag was never so beautiful as during these months of peril, and I believe it was performing its true mission here as much as on the battlefields of the Republic. We claimed and maintained an unofficial but very valuable representative capacity for the whole Christian community and made use of every personal influence and every appeal to humanity and prudence."

The flags in evidence were symbolic of the anomalous situation. There were the Lion and the Sun representing nominal Persian authority, the Star and the Crescent representing Turkish military authority, the German flag of a few unofficial Germans, and the Green flag of the Holy War of Islam, which added the terror of fanatical and religious hatred to the horrors of most unholy and diabolical warfare. And there was our own beloved Stars and Stripes representing all that was highest and best in Christian civilization, affording protection and shelter to the helpless, lending hope to the desperate, and giving assurance of liberty to the captive.

CHAPTER IX: IN THE DEN OF LIONS

The Turks gave assurances of security to life and property within our premises, but only eternal vigilance with tact, diplomacy, resourcefulness and patience, combined with the wisdom of the serpent and understanding of those with whom they had to deal, enabled the missionaries to maintain that position.

In spite of the weakness of the acting Persian authorities, Dr. Shedd believed from the first that the proper course was to work through them in every possible way. Consequently every effort was made to keep in constant touch with them and with the principal Mohammedans of the city. Literally hundreds of calls were made to secure this result during the months that followed. For practically everything it was essential to have the coöperation of the Persians, for he had to appeal for everything and nothing could be had without asking. Said Dr. Shedd, "A very real and most efficient help given unostentatiously was the Governor's refusal to hear lawsuits against Christians. We feared a great deal of trouble from such complaints based on real or false grievances. There was practically none. The Governor also helped in preventing or moderating demands made by the Turks. The Oriental ability to procrastinate never did better service than in his hands."

Dr. Packard was in a position to make the strongest appeal to the Kurds and was very successful, but for half the time he was down with typhus and the responsibility fell on Dr. Shedd. Rarely has a missionary, or any foreigner, been placed in a position demanding such constant and intimate dealings with Mohammedans so diverse in race and rank.

Often in order to talk confidentially, he was taken into the *andurun* or family apartments. He would sit on one side of the *kursi* and his host on the other, with feet under the quilt that covered the frame of the brazier of charcoal while they sipped the tea or coffee. Here they could talk more freely and speak the truth more frankly than in the public receiving room. Persian officials seldom have private offices and the only way to transact private business is to get close up to the official and whisper in his ear, which method is not without its embarrassments.

"The people who came to see me were more varied than those I went to see," said Dr. Shedd. "They included the higher ranks but among them were more of the poorer Mohammedans. Some were spies or fawning hypocrites, but many Moslems were sincerely desirous of helping. In Persia, tea or coffee is the adjunct to business or diplomacy and one or the other is served to all visitors. The incongruity of punctilious ceremony with the wretchedness around us was trying. Some who came to me wanted help in government matters. My hands were too full and affairs too uncertain to listen to such, unless the safety of Christians was involved. Others had information from the outside world which had to be whispered in my ear. To separate truth from fancy or deliberate falsehood was not easy."

From the first the Turks made both public and private promises to the Christians that they might secure safety by taking out and paying cash for certificates sealed by both Turkish and Persian officials and many did this. The Christians were notified that all arms must be surrendered and in our yards we collected a motley lot of rifles, pistols and daggers and turned them over to the Turks.

Dr. Shedd found the Turks ugly to deal

with and there were many trying questions. Their first method of blackmail was the confiscation of the shops of Christians in the bazaar with their stores of wheat, raisins, etc. It was evident that this was only a beginning and that houses would follow the shops. An arrangement was made that by the payment of money the Turks should give a guarantee for the safety of shops belonging to Persian Christian subjects who had not fled with the Russians. The arrangement was made through the Persian Government with promises that there should be no further acts of confiscation, but the business was the source of much worry and trouble and the Turks kept faith grudgingly and in some instances broke it. Another method of blackmail was the arrest of men of means whom they held for ransom.

Dr. Shedd said of his dealings with the Turks: "The Turkish officials are less ceremonious than the Persians and usually less affable. The most important Turk I met, when we passed out after paying our respects, said to another caller, 'These people are our enemies, *nicht wahr?*' He spoke German. My constant companion till fever laid him low was Dr. Isaac Daniel, a Syrian, better known by the title given him by the Persians of *Lokman.* He had a wide acquaintance among Mohammedans and was most devoted and indefatigable. He died later of pneumonia. The word that was the burden of our plea was *amniat,* security, and I would argue and Lokman would storm and weep. We appealed to village owners to help their subjects, to men of wealth for money or wheat to feed the starving, to mullahs in the name of religion and humanity, and to others on the ground that 'every day has its morrow,' and hence a reckoning might come. We worked for the release of captive girls and for men who were held by the Turks for ransom. We had to be appreciative for favors, real or pretended, and at times it was necessary to be outspoken and bold.

"Many matters under consideration were revolting; for example, it was not easy patiently to discuss with official representatives of a government the payment of money to save an innocent man from hanging. The outstanding case of this sort was the Bishop, Mar Elia. He was a native of Urumia, a Syrian, and a Bishop in the Russian Orthodox Church. After various alarms and payment of bribes, he was seized by Turkish soldiers on the roof of our church, where he was hiding, unknown to us. Ten thousand tomans were demanded for his ransom. I immediately appealed to the Persian Governor for his release. A great assemblage of the Persians of the city, mullahs, merchants and officials, went to the Turks in Oriental style, saying he had been a friend of Moslems and was not guilty of political intrigues, but they were unmercifully snubbed by the Turks. After weeks of waiting and negotiating, he was ransomed for five thousand tomans. The Turkish Consul urged me for 'humanity's sake' to rescue him from them, apparently unconscious of the humor of the situation."

Some time after this Dr. Lokman, Dr. Shedd's companion in his calls, was seized while attending a patient. That evening word came from the Turks that all unransomed prisoners would be shot at midnight. It seemed incredible, but the Turks had proved themselves capable of any atrocity. Every effort was made to arrange the ransoms of each at the lowest possible figure. Dr. Lokman was in special danger. There was need of haste, and go-betweens "cut the price" for him at a thousand tomans. Turkish gold must be found. Men were sent through the yards to find "brides" or young married women who might have some of these gold liras, each worth about five dollars, left from their wedding dowry and frequently worn in necklaces. They began to bring them in, first one by one, then in larger quantities, for they would buy the life of one of the influential physicians of their people, and no one held back the price. A message came that the Persian Governor had been ordered by the Turks to send eight men to the firing squad in case the ransom was not ready. No time could be lost. Friends joined in prayer groups while the money was counted. Eight hundred tomans were ready, and not daring to wait longer, two hundred in silver were taken from our safe and sent in haste, a man's ransom, and a much higher valuation than the Turk usually places upon the life of a Christian. There was another hour of anxious waiting for friends and for the wife who sat trembling and fearing for the worst, then Dr. Lokman arrived at the Mission. His first thought was for those still in jeopardy. There were prayers of thanksgiving and consecration and Dr. Lokman, as one raised from the dead, with his wife, returned to their home and the waiting children. The ransom price was repaid to the donors soon after by Dr. Lokman.

Said Dr. Shedd, telling of the rescue of women and girls: "Over two hundred girls and women were taken in order forcibly to convert them to Islam and marry them to Moslems. We secured the return of more than sixty besides those brought to us voluntarily. Some we paid money for, the highest price being thirty dollars. The Moslem law, as accepted in Persia, provides that in all cases of alleged conversion to Islam, there should be an opportunity for delay before the decision, and for public examination. We were unable to secure the delay, but we were able through the Persian Governor, to have girls brought in for examination and in a number of cases, to secure their freedom. The Governor was very fair in his conduct of these cases, though we had to fee his subordinates pretty freely in order to get their coöperation. The examination was usually before those who happened to be present at the Governor's and it was an ordeal for the girl. I found it very important to have the girls' relatives see them first in private in order to assure them that their friends were really living and that there was safety. They had usually been told that all or nearly all their friends had been killed. In theory, a decision to accept Islam is irrevocable. Once when both girls involved were under fourteen, my protest at the irrevocable decision, involving separation from kindred and ancestral faith, being required of such children, was met by the stern reply from a Kurdish *mirza,* who, hawklike, was watching the proceedings, that in Mohammedan law, the age of consent is nine years.

"The case I fought hardest was one in which two villagers, enlisted as Turkish soldiers, had each taken a girl. Only by going to the village where one was and facing the Kurds and Moslems, were we able to get the girls at all. The poor girls were taken twice to the Turkish Consulate, kept over night at a *mullah's* and when the 'civilized' Turkish Consul was satisfied that they were too frightened to speak out, they were produced for examination. I urged in vain that an opportunity be given relatives to talk with the girls alone. After a stiff discussion on my part with the secretary sent by the Consul, the girls were formally asked for a decision. One of them I took home and I never felt so like a victor in a hard won fight. Needless to say, the Consul never fulfilled his promise to have the soldier punished if the girl stated she had been taken by force.

"The most dramatic case was the first one at the Governor's. The town was full of Kurds and I made my way through masses of armed horsemen dressed in picturesque, bright-colored Kurdish clothes. Their rifles, of which they were very proud, and their cartridge belts, were on display, the latter strung across their chests. When I entered the Governor's room, it was full of Mangur Kurdish chiefs. I was given a seat above most of them, and as I sat there and heard and watched these men, talking and drinking tea with them myself, it seemed like a strange dream. The Mangur Kurds are a curiosity anyhow, many of them looking like savage, old-time Teutons. Their chief, Bayiz Pasha, was a big man, fair and blue-eyed. Possibly they are relics of some stranded Teutonic tribe, or of captives taken in the Crusades. They had come expecting to kill all the Christians and I knew it. The talk as we sat there was of how they were going to Tiflis to take the Caucasus.

"After a while they left, and the girl was brought in with the Moslem who had taken her off and forced on her a marriage. When she told how she had been taken and kept by force, though she hardly dared to tell the truth, even with me there, the Governor told her she was free, and ordered the man to be tied up and bastinadoed. He was a neighbor and she had fled to his house for refuge. As we went out of the yard, the girl was tremblingly praising God, scarcely believing that she was free. The man was howling with pain under the blows on the soles of his feet as he lay on his back. The Persians and Kurds stood around staring in amazement. It was a precedent of great value and a courageous act by a cautious but humane Moslem Governor. It was also an act of Providence, and when I went home that night and told the story, was it any wonder that I added that I had been with Daniel in the den of lions?"

Many Christians were scattered in Moslem villages and it fell chiefly to Dr. Packard and Mr. Allen to plan for their safety and to rescue those in danger, visiting the villages when no native Christian dared move about. Mr. Allen with a small guard would be gone several days at a time, hunting up lost girls, recovering property, and listing casualties. The girls were found in all sorts of places, dressed in Moslem clothes and too frightened to declare they were not Moslems. Sometimes by bluff, sometimes by daring, and a few times by the help of the Turkish guard who rode with him, he succeeded in taking the girls back to the city with him. We were using every pressure to induce the people to leave our crowded yards and go back to the villages to live. Guards were placed in each village. Then some fresh atrocity would occur which would send them flying back to the missionaries in terror, and it was Mr. Allen's work to encourage them to hold on and brave the dangers of the village rather than risk the epidemics in the city. But always their cry was, "Let us die by the hand of God, and not by our enemies." Even within our yards the fear of the Turks or the Persians was always upon them. A very small excitement would start a panic, all would rush toward the houses of the missionaries, while sobs and wails filled the air and, as they said, their "hearts burst." We learned to know the sound of a great multitude, frantic with fear, and as we never knew what atrocity the "unspeakable Turk" might be devising, it usually set our own hearts to thumping as we tried to quiet the people.

In February Raghib Bey, former Turkish Consul, returned to Urumia full of smooth promises, and issued a proclamation assuring protection to everybody. A few days later fifty men who had been taken from the French Mission were shot two miles from the city by order of the Turks. This was shortly followed by the massacre at Gulpashan, a Christian town six miles from the city, which was under guard of Turkish soldiers. A band of Turks and Persians went there at night, took fifty men from their homes and shot them in the graveyard. They then plundered the town and systematically violated every woman and girl who did not succeed in making her escape. A little later seventy Christians who had been used by the Turks for carrying loads were taken into a mountain valley and shot in cold blood.

The Syrians have always been an inoffensive people, and their cruel treatment at the hands of Turks and Persians is inexplicable. The story is told that once there were two Kurdish chiefs who disputed as to which of them was the rightful owner of a certain Syrian village. Both had great respect for the pastor of that village and agreed to leave to him to decide which of them he and his people would choose for their master. It was a serious dilemma for the pastor, for whichever chief was not chosen would forever afterwards annoy and rob the village. The old man pondered deeply, then replied, "Two oxen were once quarreling over a bundle of hay. How could the hay choose to which it belonged? Its part was only to be eaten." And so it seemed was the fate of these people.

It was Dr. Shedd who during all those awful times, had to face the Turks as intercessor for the people, with pleas and protests. "I saw the Turk as little as possible, doing business through the Persian authorities," he wrote, "but the day after the Gulpashan affair, I called on Raghib Bey. He suavely asked what word I had. I said, bluntly as I could, that the word was that his soldiers were massacring innocent people, outraging women, and robbing villages. He had not much to say, but promised to stop such affairs. It was all hard work against fearful odds and with small means at our disposal, except the help of Almighty God.

"Through all these months, our faith was sorely tried, and often it seemed as if we had reached the limit of our resources, and that the end might be a great catastrophe. Real friends were few and weak. Those who had power had little inclination to help. We cared for the Turkish sick without charge and we were careful to preserve neutrality in every way; but the treatment we received from the Turks was often discourteous and overbearing, and any help rendered by them was grudgingly given.

"The Turks were suave and usually talked the loftiest morality. Two things became fixed convictions. One is that the highest motives, as a rule, are the most effective to use in appeal. The other is that straightforward sincerity is the most effective weapon in dealing with crafty Orientals. The highest motives are those of humanity and of what the Apostle James calls, 'pure religion and undefiled.' Straightforward disinterestedness wins confidence and disarms opposition, while the trickster does not know how to parry it as he does the wiles and lies he deals in himself.

"During these months, the one institution in the community that held its ground, was the Protestant Mission. More than this, the missionaries were able to deal with some success with every one of the many diverse parties that had to be met. There was no one of any influence in the community whom we did not meet on such terms as to be able to speak for the oppressed. This would have been true of absolutely no one else in the community. The unifying and mediating force there was the Mission. The reason lies in the character of the work as expressing the Spirit of Christ, far more than in the person of any or all the missionaries."

CHAPTER X: ABIDING IN THE SHADOWS

With the exception of the city people, the refugees who crowded our compounds, came empty-handed and as we heard the command, "Give ye them to eat," like the disciples of old, we replied, "Whence, Lord, should we have so much bread as to fill so great a multitude?" If we had realized then that the feeding would continue many months, while we were cut off from the outside world and the source of our money supply, we would have declared it impossible. But as the days went by with their increasing demands, the loaves were multiplied. With nothing but borrowed funds, no word from America, the city drained of cash by the Turks, we felt that we could give but one loaf of about ten and a half ounces to each needy person daily. Many were able to supplement it with something else and so got along. Fortunately the crops had been abundant and wheat was cheap. While there were few who died directly from starvation, hundreds, weakened by insufficient and improper food, were unable to resist disease, and were soon carried to the terrible trenches in Mart Maryam's (St. Mary's) graveyard.

After the people were scattered into the adjacent sections, we made distribution to more than two hundred yards and buildings outside our premises. The largest number that we fed at any one time was about fifteen thousand. During the month of March the average amount of bread distributed daily was over six tons and all was brought in on the backs of *hammals* or porters. Many refugees were able to feed themselves during the whole time and others had small sums of money which they used as long as it lasted. There was a demand for tea and a few staples, and since the refugees could not leave our yards to make purchases, licenses were sold to a few men permitting them to sell tea and some necessities in the yards. We had a tea stand and used the proceeds of sales and licenses for giving tea, eggs and milk to the sick. The first three months, over a thousand dollars was cleared in this way and five or six hundred sick people benefited by it for several weeks. Later the refugees had less money to spend. We tried to induce the Moslem village masters to provide for their tenants whom we were feeding, but little came of it.

Small contributions were made by individual Moslems.

The problem of finances devolved upon the treasurer, Mr. Muller, who never relaxed his efficient control and management, no matter what the distractions. The first few days after the Russian evacuation, the Christians deposited with him for safe-keeping about twenty thousand dollars. This was received on condition that we be allowed to use it in emergency, and repay after banking was resumed.

The Armenian agent of the English bank, before leaving with the Russians, called upon Dr. Shedd and asked him to receive ten thousand tomans in silver. It was accepted by the treasurer on condition that he use it as part of the regular funds of the treasury. The Turks later demanded it as contraband of war. There were many conferences and great anxiety, for by that time the loss of that money would have left our treasury empty, but the missionaries finally refused to give it up, and the Turks never quite made up their minds to take it by force.

Our largest and most constant expense was for bread. There were presents for the rescue of girls and women, for guards for all our premises, government and legal expenses, big war levies, blackmail, and ransoms demanded by the Turks. Money was necessary for the missionaries and helpers for home expenses. There were scavengers, hundreds of sick, and the burial of three thousand. The money had to be found, and we borrowed to an extent that no one else could possibly have done, though the only security we could offer was personal character and the standing of the Mission in the community.

With such meager feeding, together with crowded and unsanitary conditions, it was inevitable that pestilence and death should follow. There were practically no bathing or washing facilities, no underground drainage or sewerage. A large proportion of the refugees were crude and ignorant, as many as two thousand of them mountaineers clothed in rags and vermin. Persians have the convenient theory that running water quickly purifies itself, so the same streams are used for drinking and for bathing and washing clothes. Ordinarily, the sewage is drained into wells which are periodically emptied, the contents dried in the sun, mixed with earth, carried off on donkeys, and used as fertilizer. We often had difficulty in getting donkeys for this work and frequently appeals had to be made to the Governor. In some of our buildings it was not a question of sweeping but of shoveling out the mud and dirt carried in on the feet of the hundreds passing through.

Rev. E. W. McDowell was in charge of sanitation. He established a scavenger system, and patrolled all the streams to prevent contamination, for the greater part of the people were compelled to drink from these streams. Connected with sanitation was the burial of the dead. Twice a day the dead were collected from the various yards and buildings and brought to the room used as a morgue at the gate. From there they were taken, usually without shroud or coffin, to the trenches in the cemetery. The number of the dead rose as high as thirty-five and even more in a day. One morning fifteen children and eight adults were taken from the crowded church, the toll for one night. During the siege, Dr. McDowell attended to the burial of three thousand.

Dr. Shedd once remarked that it would have been a sad commentary on us as missionaries if we had been so protected as to escape a share in the sickness, suffering and death that came to the people whom we served. There were eighteen adults and nine children in our station at the beginning of the siege, besides three Americans at Christ's Home for Children. Fourteen of the adults and two of the children had either typhoid or typhus and three died. We dwelt so long in the valley of death with the sick, the hungry, the dying, the never ceasing wail, hands outstretched for what we could not give, and our own number coming down one after the other, that each went about his work knowing that he might be the next. Yet we managed to keep fairly cheerful and frequently found occasions for laughing.

There was a time in the hospital where were several hundred patients, when the physician in charge, his chief assistant-physician, who died, the matron, druggist, steward, the nurses, cooks and washer-women were all sick together, and every missionary who went to the hospital to help came down in turn.

Mademoiselle Perrochet, a young Swiss girl who four months before had come to Urumia as teacher for the missionary children, died February 25. On April 16 Mrs. Mary Coe McDowell died. She came to Persia in 1887 and spent most of her missionary years in Turkey at Mosul, Van, and in the mountain districts, and had learned to "endure hardships as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." In her quiet efficient way she had faithfully served the suffering about her, particularly the poor mountain women, whom she considered her special responsibility.

All through the winter the people had not ceased to pray that Dr. Shedd might be kept in health. "O Lord, spare that man, we cannot do without him," was the prayer of many hearts. Upon him more than upon any other depended the fate of the imprisoned thousands. He could not be in his own home at the College, so he was provided for in the Allen home. The excellent care and the prayers worked together for good, and Dr. Shedd was one of the five missionaries who escaped the fever.

When Mrs. Shedd was taken ill, she was brought to the Muller home in the city, as the situation was too critical for Dr. Shedd to go to the College. Writing of her last days he said:

"I was able to come in and out a great many times and I slept in the house. This was a great relief to me and I am sure a comfort to Louise. I could not let go of things. With thousands dependent on us, we were in too perilous a situation to relax the watch, and yet to have been separated those days would have been agony. Around us were literally hundreds of sick and a province in anarchy.

"On Saturday the Turks had evacuated and the city and country were in a turmoil. I had to attend an assembly at the Governor's to plan for the safety of the people as best I could. On Monday morning it was evident that not many hours remained. I asked to have the children brought, and they reached the yard just as Louise breathed the last quiet breath at ten o'clock. [May 17, 1915.]

"The expressions of sympathy have been very many, and from all sorts of people, on the street and in the Governor's *dewankhana,* by callers and the missionary friends.

"There have been the anarchy, the killing and robbing, the anxious times and very real perils, the months of waiting, the terrible epidemics, the sad crowds of people, the long bread line every day, and the assurance in it all of God's care and help.

"We are still living under the Flag and we know as never before how beautiful the Flag is. Ours are tattered and torn like battle flags and I can not but believe that we have been fighting the battle for the best things the Flag stands for, and that we have the highest right to keep it flying, even if the Turks were anxious to get it down.

"What can one say at such a time?" he wrote a little later. "The easiest thing for me to do is just to go straight ahead with work. There is enough to do. Yesterday I made nine calls: two on the Governor, two on the commander of the small Russian force, and the rest on various others. I had to see a rascal bastinadoed on my complaint for molesting Syrians, had to advise the two *Mujtahids* through their friends, as to whether they can wisely stay here; had letters from the Sulduz khans wanting protection when the Russians come; had at least twenty other cases to advise and decide. To-day is Sunday and I want to get off with half a day in the city, but no one can tell how it will come out. Two things are clear in my life, that my work is in Persia and that I must personally be to my children all that I can. I want to live long enough to do my part. If this winter and spring have taught anything, it is that we cannot be sure of finishing anything here.

"This is a poor account of some very anxious and confused weeks. There were reports and hopes, fugitives, fears of massacre at the last moment, difficult and important decisions to be made for both Moslems and Christians. It was hard not to fail in the work that seemed to be mine to do, but I think that I did not fail and I am sure that Louise would have had me do it."

Mrs. Packard, who lived close to Louise Shedd, says of her:

"She was always so dependable, so ready to help by a merry joke, by suggesting a book to read, by common-sense advice, in a hundred different ways by 'just being there.' The sickness of Mademoiselle Perrochet and her death on February 25, caused much sorrow to us all. I said to Louise that it made me think of the Psalmist's words, 'All thy waves and thy billows have gone over me.' Louise got her Bible and looking up the verse said, 'Let's read what comes after that, "Yet Jehovah will command His loving kindness in the daytime and in the night His song shall be with me."'

"The day we buried Mrs. McDowell in the garden, Louise said to me, 'I wonder if there will be another grave here.' Then she added quickly, 'But we mustn't think such things or we'll get to pitying ourselves, and that's fatal.' She went straight on with a brave, glad face, whatever happened to overthrow her. She was so steadfast herself always, so loyal to the work and to the Master of the work, the consideration of self always came second."

Several months after they were past, Dr. Shedd summed up the experiences of those days: "How the threads of individual sorrow are woven into the web of common woe was vividly seen in the funerals. Some of us could not leave our posts to be present when Mademoiselle Perrochet's body was laid away. After all was ready for Mrs. McDowell's burial, we had to wait a day because the streets were full of Halil Bey's soldiers. When the time came to lay the body of Mrs. Shedd beside the others, neither of the two men beside myself who were not too weak, dared to leave the city yards, and Mr. Neesan read the burial service. All three and the little baby who came to the Muller home only to leave it, were buried in the garden at the College, till it should become safe to move them to the cemetery on Mount Seir.

"The external perils and guardianship of these helpless people required an intensity and concentration of mind and service, that were in themselves our salvation. The sense of our own weakness and the inadequacy of all the means at our disposal had the double effect of making us quick to use every possible means and of throwing us back into the arms of the Heavenly Father. Night after night as I retired, and so came to the only time there was quietly to review the situation, I would go to rest with the overwhelming feeling of the insufficiency of all the means that we could use and the upholding sense of faith. We were never alone. The Great Companion was always present.

"The sense of a great work was a sustaining power, and with it the sense of accomplishment. Truly the great tribulation of our day is assuring many of what its tragedies seem to question, the love of the Father, and is giving to many a new realization of the possibilities of life. Our life was in accidents abnormal, but in essential elements it was fundamentally normal.

"The nucleus of the wrecked Christian community was the Protestant missionary body, and the personal and inner side of their lives is the heart of the whole story. It was a terrible ordeal and no one failed. . . . We never emerged from the shadow of death. Dread and darkness seemed never to depart. Responsibility and anxiety laid their heavy hands on us day and night. To meet these we had to summon courage and resolution, power and hope, good cheer and a sense of humor. The whole armor of Christian manhood was required. The Great Companion who longed to have His friends near at the time of the agony of Gethsemane, who looked down from the Cross on their faces, was with us, closer and more real than ever before.

"One cannot describe the inner life. It can best be revealed through the outward activities. . . . Sectarianism could not survive the conditions, and divisions were forgotten. The conflict in which we were engaged called for great things that belonged to our common Christian heritage, and can be claimed exclusively by none. The need of repentance, the power of prayer, the forgiving spirit, dependence on God's love, and the hope of eternal life beyond the reach of earth's alarms were the topics most often presented. On Sunday the Communion table was spread for all who would come, and hundreds came.

"In all that is said of service and patient endurance, I would join with our Mission the three Americans at Christ's Home for Children, Miss Ena Bridges and Mr. and Mrs. Herman Pflaumer, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Neesan of the Archbishop of Canterbury's Mission and the members of the French Roman

Catholic Mission. Monseigneur Sonntag, the Apostolic Legate, is a man devoted to prayer. He and his two associates were unwearied in their labors. It was a pleasure to be associated with them. All three had the fever and M. Rainhault died a victim to his devoted care of others and the sacrifice of his own comfort. Seven priests of the French Mission and three Protestant preachers were killed, some of these in the attitude of prayer. Nor were they the only martyrs; others died refusing to deny their Lord. Several Nestorian and Russian Orthodox priests were killed. Time would fail to tell of those who died in the epidemics."

By spring a great many of the refugees were scattering from our yards, though hundreds still remained with us and there were thousands camping about the city, and dependent upon us for bread. There was the same need of careful watching; there were frequent alarms and cries for protection. We were surprised April 11 by the arrival of a strong and well-equipped Turkish force of fifteen to twenty thousand men under Halil Bey, an uncle of Enver Pasha. They were a division from Constantinople and were evidently instructed to treat Americans respectfully. They advanced into Salmas, where they had some heavy fighting with the Russians. As they were always prepared to leave on short notice, there was constant anxiety lest on leaving they and the Kurds might indulge in a final massacre of Christians. They left on May 15 and on May 24 the Russians came in. That was a great day though we hardly dared believe that the siege was ended. Dr. Shedd went out to meet the Russians in a carriage furnished by the Governor and accompanied by representatives from the French and Russian Missions. There were about a thousand Cossacks and some Syrians and other irregulars. The Russian officers took great pains to show their appreciation of the services rendered by our Mission.

For five months we had been "captives" in that charnel house; now the prison gates were open and we were free and safe. In a few days missionary friends from Tabriz came with scores of Syrian men returning to their broken families. There were no fireworks nor ringing of bells. One doesn't rejoice with a great noise on such occasions, but our hearts beat to the measure of the Psalmist's music, "Yea, though I *abide* in the Valley of the Shadow, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me."

CHAPTER XI: SALVAGE

For nearly five months of the siege, communications with the outside world were practically cut off. Our isolation was especially hard for Dr. Shedd, for he felt so keenly the burden of responsibility for the safety of the imprisoned community. A very few letters got through, once or twice by help of the Persian authorities and a time or two by secret messengers. This was risky, but our condition was so desperate that risks had to be taken for the sake of others as well as ourselves. Two men with messages passed the guards by wading a mile or two through the Lake.

During January, while Tabriz was occupied by Turks and Kurds, their lines of communication were cut and our friends there were themselves in danger. The wise measures taken by our Consul, Mr. Gordon Paddock, averted disaster. The missionaries there moved into the central mission compound, where they sheltered several hundred Syrians and Armenians. All the adjoining yards were filled with Armenians, who wished the protection of the Mission and the Flag in case of massacre. In addition to these, the missionaries extended protection to all the foreigners remaining in the city; the French nuns with their charges, the Belgian custom-house official, two German ladies, Italians, Austrians, Swiss, Russians, and some native subjects of Great Britain.

As soon as they were able to get messages through, the Consul and missionaries sent appeals by telegraph, cable and post. The refugees from Urumia who had fled to Russia, leaving their families behind, because that course seemed to them and to us wisest at the time, were frantic in their appeals. Rev. R. M. Labaree of the Tabriz Station spent several weeks in Salmas in a vain effort to get to Urumia. During the whole time the Consuls at Tabriz and Tiflis, Ambassador Morganthau at Constantinople, and our State Department at Washington, did all they could to help us, and their efforts were of the greatest value.

The correspondence of the Turkish Government at Constantinople with our State Department at Washington is characteristic of the Turk. In January they stated that they had not interfered with the Governments at Tabriz or Urumia, that the conduct of the soldiers had been good, and that the native population had been in no way molested. As late as March 30, "The Turkish War Office states that no act of violence has been committed in that region." Halil Bey and his officers, who commanded the division which came to Urumia in April, were superior in education and character to any who preceded them. But Halil Bey delivered to the missionaries a telegram from Ambassador Morganthau asking of our safety and inquiring if we needed funds. The next day an answer was given in Turkish for transmission, mentioning the death of Mrs. McDowell and the epidemics, giving the names of a number of the missionaries who were ill and stating our need of funds. The telegram sent by Halil Bey stated that "the Americans at Urumia are safe and well, and need no financial assistance." At the same time he sent this telegram, he and his staff were discussing with the missionaries the situation at Urumia with reference to the epidemics, being quite fearful for the health of his army.

The Turks for a while had occupied Salmas and were driven out by the Russians. Before leaving, they ruthlessly mutilated and destroyed the French Catholic Mission in the town of Khosrawa. Jevdad Bey, commander of the Turkish forces there, had made the Mission his headquarters and was responsible for the havoc wrought, though before the war he had been a student in the French schools in Beirut. It was he who at the time of their withdrawal from Salmas, ordered and planned the massacre in the town of Haftdewan, in which eight hundred Christian men and boys were tortured, and hacked to pieces with a savage cruelty that could hardly be matched even in Turkey.

A paragraph from the London "Times," published during the war, is a fair characterization of the Turk: "The Turk as a ruler is a merciless oppressor; as a negotiator a cunning Byzantine; as a soldier a tough fighter; as a victor a remorseless bully; but when he feels that he has met his match, he is a pathetic and distressed gentleman, and so contrives that the Turk has never been in the wrong; no one has ever convicted the Turk of a mean or cruel act."

The Turk in Urumia was always consistently a Turk. The treatment by Persians of their Christian neighbors who had been Persian subjects for many centuries is more difficult to understand. Said Dr. Shedd on this subject:

"It was a strangely complex and contradictory situation. . . . I had not merely formal, but important and often delicate, dealings with hundreds of people, involving a large variety of questions and all sorts of relationships, of opposition and friendship, distrust and confidence, in which men risked their own interests and I risked mine and those of others. The men with whom I had to deal were of all classes, Persians, Kurds, and Turks, officials, merchants, military officers, religious leaders and peasants. These dealings involved constantly the estimate of character, for they were largely of a kind in which the individual and personal factor was of paramount importance. For many of these men I have a real affection and genuine esteem, while for others I can confess only a loathing. . . . I have too many Moslem friends and my obligations to them are too great for me to bring thoughtless accusations against them or against what they reckon sacred. On the other hand, I have had to deal with too many crimes and outrages and I know too well the wrongs inflicted on the Christians to explain away or palliate the evil. . . .

"The underlying causes of the destruction were complex, but they may be indicated with considerable confidence. Probably the two causes that operated most widely were jealousy at the prosperity of the Christians and resentment at what was felt to be their self-assertiveness. The roots of both of these are religious. Christianity under any handicaps is economically superior to Islam, largely because of the stability it gives to the marriage relation. Consequently, it has been universally true that the Christian villages have been conspicuous for their better buildings, larger wealth, greater comfort and profusion of household goods. The changes of the past two generations have rapidly increased this discrepancy, because the Christians have been more ready to profit by closer relations with the West. Emigration to America and consequently the flow of money from America hastened the change. In education and morality the Christians have been raised to a higher level by missionary work and this has reacted on social conditions.

"Jealous resentment at the prosperity of Christians, has been sharpened by foolish acts of the Christians who took advantage of Russian domination to assert themselves in ways that were often exasperating and unjust. It was felt by men who were otherwise well disposed, for it is inbred and inherited. Islam tolerates Christians, *if they will keep their place.* That place is not one of equality.

"Back of the Moslems is the question of Islam. How far was religion an element in the situation and what light do we find on the character and workings of Mohammedanism? . . . Islam is responsible for the permanent social conditions and the long history of the past that led up to these massacres, which are the latest of a long series, and may God grant that they may in truth be the last. Has Islam ever raised an effective protest, or even attempted to protest against such things? Individuals have done what they could through all the long, dark history. The moral force to which we appealed with a degree of success was not religious in its sanctions, but humanitarian. There were maxims of religion and certain religious impulses, but fundamental elements in Islam were against us. I had a long interview one day with a strict and apparently sincere *mullah* of standing, in which he stated at length the terms under which Christians could be tolerated. The whole attitude was that of a superior giving, as he thought, generous terms to inferiors. There was no generous spirit; the terms given involved a status of different and inferior treatment of Christians. He might have made the details harsher and been true to the spirit he showed in the name of religion. Every Christian girl who was held captive was held by the sanction of religion expressed in a written contract of marriage with a Moslem. The fundamental obstacles to our attempts to help were the spirit of Islam and the unscrupulous designs of the Turks. . . .

"Finally, there is the question of *jihad*, the sacred war of Islam, both in its religious and its military aspects. . . . One may fairly say that by their own act of declaring *jihad* and unfurling the green flag of Islam, the Moslems have taken away every reason that might be urged to shift the responsibility for the outrages from their religion. . . . At most, *jihad* can produce only a mob. We know now that the tragedy we were witnessing was only a part of a vaster tragedy, the greatest crime of all the crimes of the war, the Armenian outrages perpetrated by the Turkish Government."

Even after the Russians were again in control of affairs in Urumia, there was no repentance on the part of the Persians. They were fearful lest they receive the punishment due their crimes, but showed no willingness to make amends or to return the property of the Christians. Many Moslems were arrested by the Russians, but no one was punished. The Russians were not secure enough in their position to antagonize the Persians.

As the Christians returned to their empty and ruined homes, efforts were made to have the Persians return to them some of their stolen cattle, but nothing could be accomplished. The people carried disease with them to the villages, they were without food and for a while we continued to feed them. The Consul tried to shift this burden to the village owners, who were ready to make promises but seldom fulfilled them. In the city the suffering was not ended. The sick were lying about our premises or anywhere they could find the shelter of a roof or the shade of trees. The best we could do was to give them a little milk or eggs and to a very few limited medical attention. "We are a wrecked vessel here," wrote Dr. Shedd, "and it is an appalling task to help the survivors. I am almost desperate, and if one had not faith in God, there would be no hope at all. Just now we are trying to get village owners to exert themselves, and it is about as hopeless as 'Bre'r Rabbit's' fight with the Tar Baby. Still we must keep on, but it is hard, piteous work. God has worked a great salvation. Every one believes that but for our presence here, there would have been terrible loss of life.

"Perhaps it would not be prudent to tell what one is forced to think of the Turkish occupation here. For the most part, they played the part of bankrupt savages, armed with the instruments of this age, and using in a desperate venture all the forces they could get hold of, savagery, religious hatred, racial feeling.

"Our part has been to feed and protect these thousands, protecting all and feeding many. We have had to use all the means we could, cautiously, prudently, and yet fearlessly. My constant effort has been to keep the friendship of the Persians and to rely on them rather than any one else; as I have told people, we must depend on those who in no contingency will run away. We have succeeded, I think, in most part, in doing all that could be done and have undoubtedly saved many lives. The means have been very inadequate and the reliance on man has been very uncertain, but in it all we have felt as never before God's presence and help.

"A good many things had to be settled on short notice, and many a time I put up a silent prayer to Him who is able to keep us from falling."

There was hardly a day when Dr. Shedd was not forced to express an opinion or take some step in relation to matters seriously involving the interests of others and sometimes their lives.

In June he rejoiced in the arrival of the Russian Consul, M. Basil Nikitine, a man of ability, sincere sympathy, and fine character. Together they visited the villages in an effort to settle the people in the wreckage of their homes and to soften the hostility of their Moslem neighbors toward them. In the Moslem villages, they found the villagers busy in the fields, with herds of cattle larger than usual in the meadows, the houses in good repair because of the timbers, doors and windows stolen from the Christians. In one village a woman who was a member of one of our congregations told the story of how six months before, she had fled to this village for refuge, and how her son was shot in cold blood before her eyes, and she pointed out the murderer to the Consul. She also told of the treatment received by herself and other women at the place where her son lay dead. There was little sign of repentance on the part of the Moslems as the Consul gave them warning of the punishment sure to follow future atrocities.

The Christian villages were in ruins, demolished walls, roofless houses, charred timbers, showing malicious destruction. In such places the Christians were living in fear and hunger and sickness, unarmed in the midst of those who a few months before had murdered, robbed and raped, while only a few miles away in the hills were the Kurds, waiting for the changing fortunes of war to give them another opportunity.

Proclamation was made by the Russian Consul that all stolen girls must be returned and our Girls' School became the receiving station for them. Many were expectant mothers and it was very difficult to know what to do with them. Forty or fifty were brought to us and in most cases they were welcomed by their friends, who were ready to share with them such as they had. There were others who did not come to us, but went directly to their families. We had two or three weddings in the school parlor when the fiancés claimed the girls as soon as they were free.

Fighting between Turks and Russians continued and there was much uncertainty all during June and July, and early in August we were notified that the Russians were about to evacuate again. The whole Christian population started en masse towards Russia and most of the missionaries went with them as far as Tabriz. The Turkish advance was turned back and the flight of the people halted. But epidemics had broken out and many died. The danger passed and in a few weeks most of the Christians were back again in Urumia. In the fall of 1915 the Russians strengthened their position in Persia and Urumia was again within their lines.

CHAPTER XII: THE INTERLUDE

In September, 1915, Dr. Shedd with his two children left Persia for a visit to America. Coming out of an atmosphere rife with the horrors of war, he felt the need of mental adjustment to conditions in America. "I am trying to clear up my ideas on the war," he said. "I think that I hate war as much as any one, but I don't seem to set peace as the greatest good in the way that many people do. With the American people, I'm a great deal more afraid that they won't have the zeal they should have than that they will learn to love war. There is a kind of peace that is a negative kind of thing, like a good deal of the prevailing complacency of conscience.

"This frame of mind that is always congratulating our country on being out of the war does not appeal to me; not that I do not appreciate the value of being at peace. What is coming I do not know. I hope our country will keep neutral, but I hope she won't do it because we are afraid of trouble and responsibility."

He spent the year at home in speaking, writing and traveling to create interest in the Persian situation. He wrote a history, which was not completed, of the first year of the war in Persia. At the request of the Mission Board he prepared the report of the Missions of that year. With the future of the American School in mind, he visited Hampton Institute and was much impressed with what he saw there in reference to the possibility of applying the same principles of education to our work in Urumia. The result was an interesting and thoughtful paper on Educational Ideals and Methods for the American School for Boys.

In August, 1916, he turned his face toward Persia, understanding pretty well what lay before him. From the steamer he wrote to friends:

"It was not easy to leave the children, four fine girls, but I have a feeling that I am going from a country that I love and understand partially to a far less attractive one that I know better. . . . I feel as if I were going home in the sense that I am going where I shall be at home in the work and know what I am doing. America is to me a place that I don't altogether understand, though I know well enough that it is the finest place in the world. I hope as I start in again that I won't lose hold on the best things I learned in the experiences of the past, and I don't think I shall. . . .

"At the same time, when the world is full of sacrifice and courage, I don't like to have my going back called 'brave.' Of course, it isn't easy to leave the girls, but there is no question as to what I ought to do. More than that, it is no time to make much of our trials when people in Europe are in the throes of suffering. . . .

"I have been wondering lately as to what religion is and what its real purpose is. I have tried to think how it would do to define it as the means or way of transmitting divine energy into human life. That is nearer truth, anyhow, than mere knowledge, feeling, or life-insurance. It might have pretty good Bible justification, too. I have been through experiences the past two years that make me more certain than ever of the spiritual realities, and, I think, less anxious about theology. I hope I won't cease to think, even about the inscrutable things, but I hope that I can keep on working at the hard and wrong things in life and get the power of Christ at work in life. I have not joined the exhorters or those who think that Christianity is only 'social service.'

It is a good stiff fight all along the line, and I hope I may keep it up until I drop. . . .

"What I am coming to believe in, is the application of Christianity to life. As I understand it, religion is the getting of power from God, and the bringing of God into human life. This includes, of course, the life of thought, but does not end there. . . . So in this war crisis, the only way to peace is by applying to international matters Christianity. Most Americans feel that in matters outside America, and probably many within it, their consciences have no occasion to react. The question is whether she will be a Christian nation in world matters, i.e., governed by Christian motives. I am not a pacifist because peace can be secured only by introducing a new conscience."

He arrived in Urumia in the fall of 1916 and resumed his place in the American School. In addition, theological teaching, Legal Board, evangelistic work for city Moslems, and the chairmanship of the Urumia Relief Committee made that a busy winter.

During the next two years, the relief work occupied a large place in the work of Urumia Station. The chief beneficiaries were the mountain tribes who had been driven out of Turkey in 1915. These tribes when driven from their homes by Turks and Kurds fortified themselves in inaccessible mountain fastnesses where they were besieged. When food and ammunition were gone, they fled down the narrow valleys toward Persia, expecting protection from the Russians. Pursued by their enemies, many thousand, mostly women and children, were killed, or left to die along the mountain trails. Thirty to thirty-five thousand crossed the border into the plain of Salmas absolutely destitute. Disease followed hard after them, and hungry, almost unclothed, and unsheltered as they were, the death toll was high. Dr. E. W. McDowell, who for many years had worked among them in their mountain villages, with other American missionaries and relief funds, reached Salmas a few days after the arrival of the refugees. The Russians also sent financial aid and supported hospitals for them. Several thousand were scattered in the villages of Khoi to the north, while others found their way to Urumia on the south.

The American Relief Committee was largely responsible for the continued existence of these mountaineers and the demands made upon them were not only for food, clothing and shelter, but also for their protection and control. They continued to live more or less in tribes under their *maliks,* or chiefs. Mar Shimon, their civil and religious head, settled in Salmas.

Being exiles and with no employment, they often made themselves a nuisance and irritated their Persian neighbors by petty thieving, especially in the fruit season. In 1917, at the time of ripe grapes, all over the plain of Urumia the vineyards spread out in unending waves of green vines laden with delicious grapes, a score or more varieties. Scattered about in the villages were the mountaineers with no legitimate share in all this lusciousness. It was all very simple to these untaught exiles from the crags and peaks of Kurdistan and one night a party of them visited the vineyard of a Syrian neighbor, bringing their large willow baskets which they carry on their backs fastened with ropes around the waist and shoulders. The owner of the vineyard, hearing a noise, fired his rifle to frighten away the intruders, who, in their hasty exit, left baskets and ropes. These were gathered up and taken to the house. Bright and early the next morning, the offenders appeared and politely requested that ropes and baskets be returned, as they were their chief means of livelihood. They got them—and grapes, too!

The mountaineers were not the only protégés of American generosity. Our yards and often our houses were filled from day to day with the most grotesque and varied specimens of humanity. Kurds driven from their villages by famine and war came to Urumia to appeal to the Americans. There were Kurds from the south in full bloomers, wrapped with a girdle from thigh to armpit and armed with *hanjar* or dagger, and the warrior who proudly boasted rifle and cartridges. The Persian *khan* was there to beg a loan in time of distress. There were hundreds of poor, miserable women with their starving babies and naked children clinging to them. There were Mohammedan ladies, each with a special petition, sometimes presented through one of the missionary ladies, but oftener by direct appointment with Dr. Shedd.

"I feel very tired to-night," he wrote in January, "and think it is not from work but from the crowd of desperately needy Kurds and other Moslems who crowd my big waiting room in the city. I don't dare to help them, except in a limited number of selected cases, because we simply cannot embark on so big a job. The other day I had a deputation from a village forty miles away. It is hard to refuse to help them as I do many times a day, and yet, it seems to me, it would be still worse to refuse to see them, even if it would be easier."

In March, 1917, the report of the taking of Bagdad by the British was good news to us, and for many months we anticipated the taking of Mosul on the Tigris. This would have meant comparative security to Urumia and would have made it possible for the mountaineers to return to their homes.

That spring wheat was selling at six dollars a bushel, and the Relief Committee had to furnish seed in order to have fields planted. The Christians had been so completely robbed that tools for preparing the ground and, later, sickles for harvesting, had to be provided for them. Loans were made for working the vineyards and for planting, but nearly all these loans were repaid. A large number of orphans were still being fed.

The Russians occupied Urumia and controlled the political situation. The soldiers were giving trouble and the feeling between Moslems and Christians was bad. Early in July the bazaars, that is, the business section of the city, were looted and burned by Russian soldiers. We all had to "pay the piper," for prices soared and many things could not be had. Those merchants who had goods were afraid to let it be known and very little was displayed in any of the shops.

Dr. Shedd and I had known each other fourteen years and had lived as missionary associates in the same station. Our ideals and life purpose were identical, our hearts were in the same cause. In July, 1917, we were married and when we set up our home it was dedicated to the Master whom we both served.

We went to Seir for a vacation. Our Mission house there had been completely wrecked, but the English Mission house was standing, though the upper story and all doors and windows were gone. We camped in the ruins and found the shelter of the thick walls much cooler than a tent would have been.

Alas, troubles began the very day we left the city. That was the night the bazaars were burned, followed by the looting of a number of Kurdish and Persian villages. So all the time we were at Seir, Dr. Shedd was busy getting back stolen sheep and other plunder for the owners and settling quarrels. He succeeded in recovering practically everything that had been stolen.

The Seir villagers claimed us as belonging to the village, Dr. Shedd having been born there, and out of their deep poverty, they brought us eggs, milk, and *kadda* or tea cake. Every afternoon, Persian fashion, we spread a carpet on the grass, brought the samovar and glasses, and served tea to all who came. A frequent guest was a gentle old Nestorian priest, wearing a cone-shaped felt hat of home manufacture, and his hair in a pig-tail down his back. According to mountain custom, a newly married woman should keep her mouth covered and remain silent in the presence of the superior sex, taking her food in the corner after they are served. Evidently some things puzzled the old priest. One day I was retorting in a lively way to my husband's remarks. The visitor couldn't understand the language, but he was watching the proceedings and plainly thought that I needed reproof. Then when the "Sahib" seemed to be holding the floor for a few minutes, he asked approvingly, "Are you preaching to her?"

In September we established our home in the city. Very soon political troubles began, with the spread of Bolshevism in the Russian army, and our home became the center of the seething, tumultuous life of the community. It was a very short year in spite of the dreadful things that happened, and even unrelenting time cannot rob me of those months of joyous companionship with one of extraordinary gifts of heart and mind, the sharing in all his thoughts and labors at a time when his life had reached its climax in consecration and service. Many years were crowded into one, though there were only little snatches we could call our own. Afterwards when the people brought me questions and problems that were difficult to solve, I found myself always trying to decide what his answer or solution would have been and basing my decision on that. From him I learned a more simple faith in God, to trust people more, to be less "careful and troubled about many things." The gracious outpouring of self in friendliness, the humility and magnanimity that counts nothing as done unto one's self remain an inspiration.

That autumn in anticipation of fighting on the Urumia front, a French military hospital came to Urumia. With war all about us, Russia in revolution, political intrigues and threatened famine in our midst, life was strenuous. One of the schemes of the Persian "Democrats" was to detach the province of Azerbaijan and join it to an independent Moslem Caucasus. In December we received word of the treaty between the Caucasus Provisional Government and Turkey.

"The reaction of the Russian revolution is hard to estimate," said Dr. Shedd. "It has given Persia a chance, but what will she do with it? There will be 'Democrats' of several varieties, aspirations after liberty and progress, and there will be blind reactions and fanatical conservatives. Russian agitators will be at work.

"It is hard to say just what is being done by relief work. Thousands of lives have been saved, but that is only part of it. It is the work that helps to reconcile discordant elements here, and we are making it a very real force for good order and so good will. Of course, it takes time, and strength, but what are time and strength for but to use them for others? I pray that America may strike with all her force to end this war and that her heart may be made pure to meet the momentous issue of it and to see her way clearly. I am glad we are in the war and yet I tremble, not for the loss but for the responsibilities that it seems to bring on us. You know that I am not a pacifist, and I am inclined to believe that our country will exert the greatest influence for peace and bring it more quickly and make it more stable by putting her strength and conscience into righteous war than in any other way."

In October Dr. Shedd was asked by the Governor to be a member of the Government Food Commission. He found the Commission with plenty of stationery and talk.

"I am skeptical of anything efficient coming out of a Persian Government proposition, but am willing to go and try to do my part," said he. "We will keep in touch with them and perhaps will be able to accomplish something. The Persians don't lack ability to see what should be done, but they do lack the resolution to put it through at the expense of their personal advantage or personal work."

The times were making unusual demands upon him which required careful thought.

"It seems clear," he said, "that the immediate purpose of most of us, or, at least, some of us, must be service to the community in a time of stress and need, both in relief work and in efforts to preserve some sort of order here. Certainly the way to do this with any degree of efficiency is to make it the primary purpose in one's efforts and to allow one's life to be controlled by this purpose. It seems to me very clear that this is the leading of Providence and that in plans for work and life I should leave a margin, that is, a conscious, voluntary margin, not merely an allowance for the inevitable, for such leading. The development of our work here during the last three years is certainly such as could in no possibility have been forecast, and I should hesitate very much to forecast the next three years. We must accept it as a fact, and even as a desirable and definite purpose, that our work and ourselves become an integral part of the general community life and as such that we should accept and desire to share in community burdens and life. . . .

"I have an ambition to do my part to keep the people of this corner of the world from the suffering that threatens them from their national and racial rivalries and hatreds. How much I can do I don't know, but it surely is something a missionary has a right and duty to hold before himself as an aim. What a divided and disjointed world this is out of Christ. This war is only a projection on a tremendous scale of what is chronic in this part of the world, except that after all, in the war, one can see the great principles at stake, while in the plunderings and murders here, one can see but the sputterings and flamings of old hatreds. Certain it is that no international treaty can give, though it may help, peace here. May we have our little part in this great purpose of our Lord."

MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN MISSION IN URUMIA IN 1918

Rev. Wm. A. Shedd,
Mrs. Mary Lewis Shedd,
Rev. E. T. Allen,
Mrs. May Wallace Allen,
Mrs. Bertha McConaughy Cochran (Mrs. J. P.),
Miss Edith D. Lamme,
H. P. Packard, M.D.,
Mrs. Frances Bayley Packard,
Miss Lenore R. Schoebel,
Wilder P. Ellis, M.D.,
Mrs. Jessie Lee Ellis,
Miss Mary Burgess,
Edward M. Dodd, M.D.,

Mr. E. C. M. Richards (Near East Relief worker),

Mrs. Elizabeth Coan Richards (Near East Relief worker).

In Charge of Christ's Home for Children:
Rev. Herman Pflaumer,
Mrs. Helen Pflaumer,
Miss Ena Bridges.

CHAPTER XIII: HOW BEST TO SERVE

In the autumn of 1917 heavy war-clouds again gathered over Urumia. The dissolution of Russia, of which northwest Persia had practically become a part, spelled destruction and anarchy. With the spread of Bolshevism, army discipline fast disappeared. When the restraint which the military had exercised was gone, every one who had an old score to settle seized his opportunity. The soldiers themselves were responsible for much of the disorder that ensued and they left many debts of hatred and bitterness in the hearts of the Moslems which were afterwards exacted from the native Christians. During the fall and early winter the bulk of the army left in great confusion. Large army stores had been collected in the Urumia region and the least responsible of the Russians who stayed behind busied themselves destroying and selling these supplies. Rifles and ammunition were disposed of to foes as well as friends, and many Kurds and Persians secured them at nominal prices. In the same way, Syrians and Armenians obtained small quantities for their little army of defense.

As soon as the Russian army went to pieces, the Persian *Democrats* began active propaganda for arming Moslems again Christians; as one orator said, "He that hath no rifle, sell his wife and get one." Ijlal-ul-Mulk, the Governor of Urumia, was as weak and irresponsible as the government he represented, and was so tied up with the *Democrats,* who were the real power, that he could not act with any independence.

The Russian officers who were not in sympathy with Bolshevism remained in Urumia and tried to get under control and organization the remnants of the former battalions and the unorganized men with rifles. These, as free lances, were a menace to the community, but essential for the protection of their people from attacks by Persians in whose midst they were living, and from Turks and Kurds, who were only waiting for the last of the Russian army to leave in order to swoop down from the hills like wolves on the fold.

With robbery and murder of daily occurrence, the life of the whole community in jeopardy, and no help from the Persian Government, the various elements that stood for law and order combined, and in consultation with the Governor tried to work out plans for protecting life and property.

There were the American missionaries, represented by Dr. Shedd, M. Basil Nikitine, Russian Vice-consul, Monseigneur Sonntag of the French Catholic Mission, Dr. Caujole, Chief of Staff of the French Military Hospital, and the leaders of the Christian community.

The first necessity was a gendarmerie for police purposes for city and villages, composed of both Christians and Moslems. The Governor favored this up to the point of execution, then backed down and refused to have anything to do with it, nor was any other provision made to control the very serious situation. Dr. Shedd was frequently asked by the Governor to help him in various ways to solve the difficulties of his position. When the trans-Baikal Cossacks were leaving, they wanted to change Persian krans for Russian rubles. The Persians overcharged them and the Cossacks threatened to get rubles for themselves. The Governor sent for Dr. Shedd, who by securing a fair rate of exchange and taking the responsibility for the transactions, settled the matter without bloodshed.

During the months that followed, the American Mission was undoubtedly the greatest power for good and the best friend of all the races of that region. In the midst of indescribable chaos, Dr. Shedd, the clear, quick thinker, fearless and decisive in action, was the leader. For a long time he had been practically performing the duties of vice-consul, and with the hope that official status might strengthen his position, Mr. Paddock, American Consul at Tabriz, urged his appointment. Previously, when the question of his accepting such an appointment had been raised, he had declined, feeling that it might limit his missionary influence. Now the situation was so critical that every possible means must be employed and every influence used to save the community from destruction. He was appointed Honorary Vice-Consul for our Government, and on New Year's Day, 1918, the American flag was officially placed over the gate of our City Compound, and our home became known as the American Consul-khana.

Northwest Persia was strongly pro-German, and German agents had been there since before the war. While Persia remained nominally neutral, there was no doubt as to where her sympathies were. Large numbers of Persians were serving with the Turks as regulars and irregulars. Persia had just cause of complaint against both sides, for both used her territory for military operations. As early as 1906 Turkey had sent her troops across the border and this part of Persia was under military occupation by the Russians when the war began. At the same time Persia was making no effort to defend her frontiers or her subjects, nor did she maintain her neutrality equally with both sides.

The Consuls in Tabriz were urging the Governor-General of Azerbaijan to take measure for maintaining order in Urumia, but nothing was accomplished. There was little responsible government in Tabriz. The *Democrats* largely controlled the political situation. The Vali Ahd and his followers were pro-German and German agents were operating there.

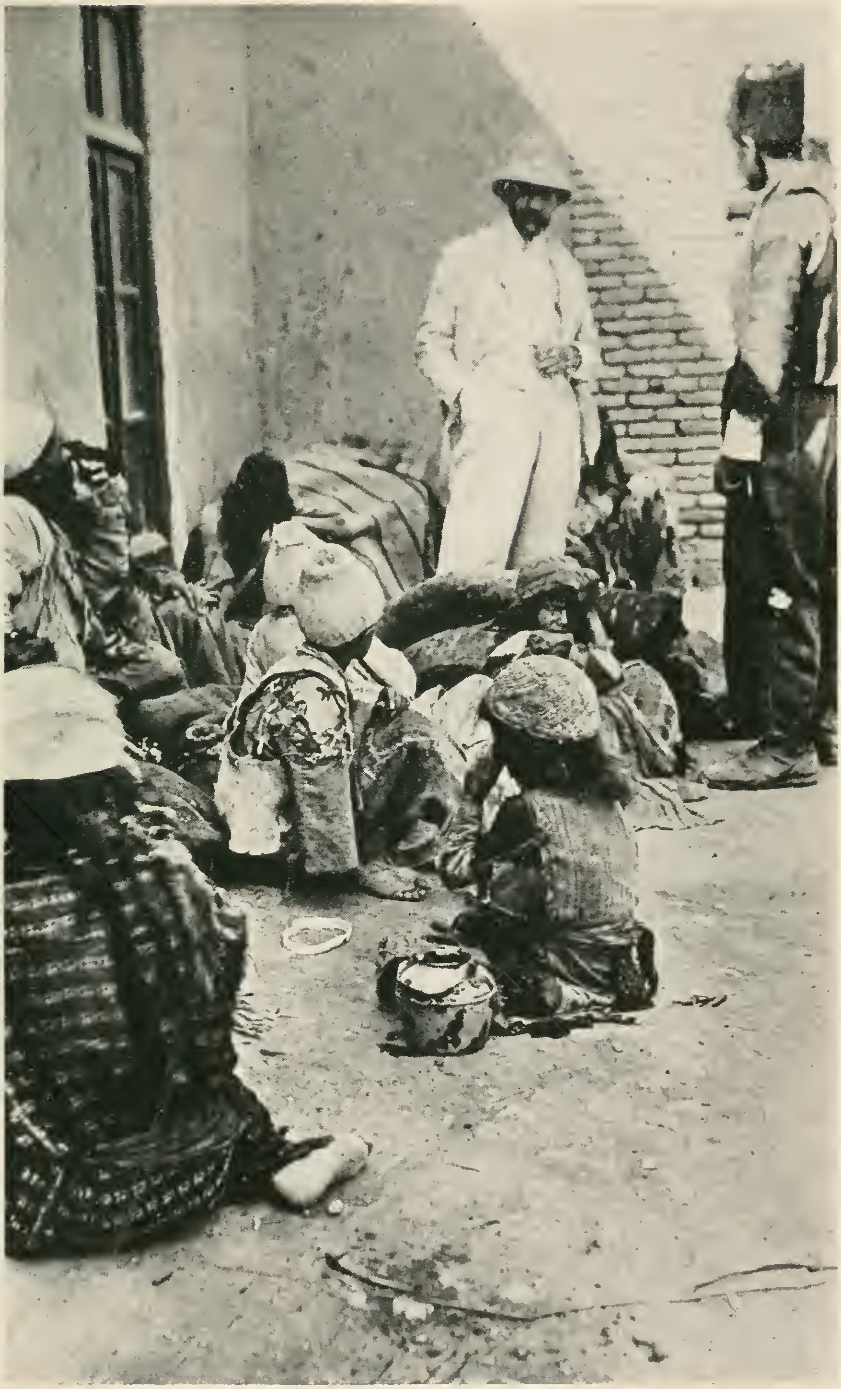
This border-land as part of the Caucasus front was important to the Allies. When the Russian army deserted, the Allied Staff in Tiflis sent French and British officers to organize the native elements for holding back the Turkish advance. A British military officer came to Urumia with promises of war materials, funds, and British officers, and the Armenians and Syrians were persuaded to throw in their lot with the Allies and hold that front for them. The plan as outlined was to reorganize the whole front, the command to remain under the Russian Staff with French and British attachés advising, and the money to be furnished by the Allies. Because of changes in the military plans, the promised help never came and this little undisciplined, unequipped and disorganized force was left to fight its own and Allied battles for months unaided. During the six months that followed the situation was so complex, so chaotic, so barbarous and full of change, that it is difficult to make it comprehensible to those who did not live through it. But it is safe to say that nowhere on the battlefields of the war did men fight more persistently against such odds or stand more bravely, than in this isolated corner of Persia. And nowhere have they paid such a price for daring to be men.

This attempt of the Allies to organize the Armenians and Syrians aroused strong resentment among the Persians and when the matter was dropped, the Christians found themselves in a much worse position with the Persians than they had previously been. The Persians determined to "wipe out" the Christians. The foreigners were an obstacle to the fulfillment of their plans. Dr. Shedd more than any one else stood in their way and his path was a thorny one. They were making all sorts of complaints about him at Tabriz and Teheran. In fact, that winter Dr. Shedd was accused of about everything, from recruiting an English army and bribing the Governor, to robbing the mails and stealing Relief funds.

Extracts from his letters show his relation to affairs:

"Things are showing the difficulty of working with the Persian Government and of doing anything with them without friction. The Russian prestige is low, and without any egotism I can say that if I disassociate myself with the plans, it will be difficult to find any satisfactory medium of coöperation with the Persians. Again, on the other side, with the Syrians, whether having consular status or not, I can avoid being asked advice only by leaving the place, and it is very important for us to use our influence to make the plans undertaken effective, for on them depends our safety. I sincerely hope that more explicit instructions will come from the State Department.

"To be able to do anything in the way of keeping order, I must coöperate in general



DR SHEDD WITH A GROUP OF REFUGEES IN THE
CITY COMPOUND, URUMIA, 1918

plans. Beyond immediate events, I believe there is a service to be rendered in making future adjustments more possible by diminishing friction and engendering good feeling.

"Then also the protection of American interests and lives requires a position of real influence in these matters. . . . Things are in such a critical condition that I don't want to leave anything undone. . . . I need not say that the situation is a delicate one and must be handled carefully. I anticipate there will be complaints against me at Teheran, and if the purpose of our diplomacy is merely to avoid complaints, I may be blamed. But if it be to try to help secure order in the country for ourselves and others, I do not see how I could follow any other course. The position is a difficult one because telegraphic communications are cut with Tabriz, and, I am told, with Tiflis.

"With regard to the relation I should sustain toward the Russian plans, I shall certainly endeavor to disassociate myself from any official connection that might be considered purely military, but conditions are so critical that I shall have to consider the end of securing safety rather than the means, and it is very difficult to find anything that is purely military. Things are very much confused. I shall certainly not neglect the principle involved."

The middle of February he wrote: "You know my instructions are to take no part in military affairs, and so I am only reporting conditions. Murders are taking place constantly from Moslems and Christians, robberies are frequent and roads unsafe. The Syrians are so involved with the Russians that it is impossible for the better class of people to control affairs, though they have done much to restrain violence. I hope we shall get through, but it is certainly skating on thin ice."

"There have been efforts to bring Christians and Moslems together in friendly conferences and good has been accomplished. These are heartily supported by the Christian leaders and with sincerity. I am not so sure of the Moslems, for they always stop short of any real measure to put in force their democratic professions, as, for example, placing Christians in any responsible position. . . . One thing that remains is to have Christians locally keep order and to suffer wrong rather than give provocation. This is being done for the most part and the responsible people, Armenians and Syrians, are likely to administer summary justice on outlaws from Russia, partly deserters from the Russian army, who are guilty of the most outrageous crimes."

There was in Urumia a Persian Cossack brigade of about two hundred, but they were so inefficient that they could not be employed. The question of a gendarmerie would not be silenced and the Governor finally agreed to its formation and privately asked that British officers come to organize a sufficient force to control the whole region. But nothing came of it, and he never organized a force himself nor permitted any one else to do so in any adequate way. Dr. Shedd was daily being entreated to use his influence to prevent disorder and protect life and property, and while he and M. Nikitine and others of influence were making every effort to keep the various elements from violent outbreaks, the Governor simply played with the matter and could not be induced to act. The insincerity, deceit, and endless intrigues of the Persians made it very hard to work with them. One day, after a conference, the Governor said to Dr. Shedd, "The great difference I see between you and us is that we expect to accomplish an end by the use of lies, while you depend upon truth."

"No other man could have accomplished the work he did during those trying years," writes an associate. "Not only was it his wisdom which seldom failed, but his ability to see what was usable even in the worst of men, and to command that service as well as the love and respect of the man behind it. And there was his wonderful patience at which I often marveled; his readiness to give way and find some other method when his own plan failed. I believe if it had not been for his wise leadership, there would have been chaos and very great destruction of life."

Besides the missionaries, there were about fifty families of naturalized American citizens and a large amount of property under Dr. Shedd's care. The extensive work being done by the Relief Committee, of which he was chairman, made it necessary for him to use every possible means for safeguarding supplies and the recipients of American charity. His position of influence in the community and his consular duties involved him in matters outside the usual sphere of missionary activity. "It is the opinion of the other missionaries that the only way to disassociate the Mission from this work, is for me to disassociate myself from the Mission for a time," said he; "and I am afraid that this opinion is correct. I say, 'I am afraid,' for you will understand that it is a wrench to be separated even in name from the work that has been my life."

We began to make plans to rent a native house and establish the Consulate there, but before these plans could be carried out, the whole situation was thrown into utter confusion by the attack on the Christians by the Persians, February 22.

It was only a few days before that event that Dr. Shedd wrote concerning his position, "Of course I am thinking a good deal about the questions raised by my assuming the duties of Vice-Consul here, and I am about ready to believe that it is a mistake altogether. The real point of the matter is here. I have a position in the community and relations with so many people, and, further, my purpose is such that for me to take the official and routine view, which seems to control the Legation, is impossible. We are in a very delicate and dangerous situation here that makes it difficult to be bound by the sort of policy that seeks to avoid any criticism or conflict, and there is too much at stake to make it possible to play an altogether cautious game.

"I believe that you will not think that I want to go into any adventures or to take unnecessary risk, but, for example, for me to refuse to advise with people or to help in the organization of some sort of police or gendarmerie force, when there are murders every day, and when the Government is helpless, and people are ready to fly at one another's throats, is simply impossible. For a time the matter is blocked and I shall do nothing. Or for me not to take a strong line with Syrians who under the cover of being connected with a quasi-military organization are robbing and killing, is equally impossible. If the Vice-Consulship will enable me to do some service in protecting American lives and property, and also serve the community by helping secure peace, I am ready to sacrifice a good deal for it, but if it will hamper me by restricting my influence, without increasing my opportunity for service, I shall ask to be released. Please don't think I am criticizing, I am only trying to find out in what way I can serve best."

CHAPTER XIV: STATESMAN AND MEDIATOR

For weeks we had been living in the midst of two armed camps. Dr. Shedd was constantly busy with the leaders of both sides trying to prevent an outbreak. At a conference on February 22, each side promised not to attack the other. Scarcely an hour had passed when the Persians made an attack on the Christian quarter of the city. The Christians were not prepared; the men with rifles were mostly in the villages with their families. As soon as the sound of battle aroused those in the city to their danger, every man or boy who owned a rifle ran for it, and from gateways, roofs and streets, fought for their families and homes. Agha Petros, the Syrian leader, was the man of the hour, and but for him and Malik Khoshaba, one of our mountain preachers who could fight as well as preach, there would have been a terrible massacre of Christians. These two men got together a following and drove back the Persians until they had possession of the greater part of the city.

It was an anxious time for us for we did not know whether our premises would be safe for ourselves or for others. In the afternoon of the second day a great shout of victory told us that Agha Petros' men had taken the *topkhana* or artillery square. Soon the white flags began to appear and in the course of the next few days practically every Moslem house was floating a white rag from the window.

A band of *mullahs* and others went to Mar Shimon, who was then in Urumia, to surrender, while the Governor sent a letter of capitulation. Later the leading Moslems met with Mar Shimon and the Syrian and Armenian leaders in a council of war and agreed upon terms of peace.

The next morning several hundred *mullahs,* merchants, artisans, and other prominent men of this Moslem city, led by the Sardar who was governor in 1915, filed into the mission yard. They planted their white flags and the green flag of Islam in the snow banks in front of our door. They had come to surrender themselves and their city to the man whose confidence they had betrayed and would betray again, and yet whom they were not afraid to trust. Dr. Shedd thus found himself in a hard position but he could not escape the responsibility. Neither side was willing to trust the other; both had confidence in him and wanted him in their councils. After negotiations with the few hundred Christians who for centuries they had despised and oppressed the Moslems returned to their homes, with the exception of thirty or forty who felt most guilty. These took *bast* or asylum with Dr. Shedd under the American flag, until they could leave in safety. The Russian military officers took responsibility for the negotiations and gave a written and signed statement to the Persians. The Persians freely confessed their premeditated plan for the annihilation of the Christians and laid the blame chiefly on four men. Three of these appealed to Dr. Shedd for protection and the fourth was kept at the French Mission. Twenty of the Persian Cossacks who were among those who made the first attack also took *bast* with Dr. Shedd.

The victorious Christians had no idea of taking over the government, but asked for a Mixed Council composed of an equal number of Christians and Moslems. This council was formed and the Sardar was chosen governor. Ijlal-ul-Mulk, the former governor, was too much involved in the treachery that led up to the attack to be trusted again. It was not easy to set up a government that would function, but the Syrian and Armenian leaders made every effort to establish peaceable relations and get along with the Moslems in working out a temporary government for Urumia.

The Persians outside cut all lines of communication with Urumia. They held the boats on the east side of the Lake and closed the roads north and south. We became an isolated world of our own, but not from choice. The Urumia *Democrats,* unable themselves to punish the Christians, appealed to their friends in Tabriz, who responded with great eloquence, fearful threats and curses on the *"Jilus"* as they called the mountaineers. Telegrams were sent to Teheran complaining of "pernicious meddling in politics" on the part of missionaries and of Dr. Shedd in particular.

The *Karapapakhs* or Blackhats from the south were ordered to Urumia to clean up the Christians. They were reported coming "weeping" for fear of the *"Jilus"* whose reputation for valor had spread abroad. Simku, the notorious Kurdish chief, was asked to go to Urumia with his warriors.

It was necessary to get into communication with Tabriz and settle matters on an authoritative basis, but no native dared to go. A member of the French Hospital Staff volunteered to go, report Urumia conditions, and enlist the help of the Persian Government. He was arrested at Sharifkhana on his return trip by the *Democrats,* robbed of his letters, and sent back to Tabriz. Here he was detained several weeks and received some rather rough treatment at the hands of the Persians.

In Urumia the days were busy and troubled. Every one turned to Dr. Shedd; the Christians for counsel and the Moslems for protection as well as counsel. Our home was the Consulate and the hub of our universe. The whole house had to be given up to the demands of the work. There were telephone men, bell boys, Persian and Russian scribes, several men for receiving the hundreds who came, investigating their business and carrying messages. One man was kept at the telephone all night, for there were often S. O. S. calls and other matters which could not wait. Dr. Shedd was busy from morning till late at night seeing those who came with every imaginable complaint, petition or tale of woe. There were committee meetings and conferences with the leaders of both sides. There were constant efforts to keep order and prevent outrages.

The hardest elements to control were the Syrian and Armenian *Kachaks* who belonged to none of the organized forces and were really brigands from Russia. They seemed to think no more of shooting a man than of shooting a rabbit and terrorized Christians as well as Moslems.

Famine increased the difficulty of keeping order. Thousands of Kurds because of fighting and famine had left their village and come to Urumia hoping to be fed by the Americans. There were about a thousand Persian and Kurdish refugees in our yards for five or six months, but the greater part of the Kurds were herded in empty houses, caravansaries, and stables throughout the city, and their condition was most pitiable. The *Sunni* Mosque was indescribable with its filth, smells, disease, hunger, and abject misery. The best the Relief Committee could do was to give them a daily ration of half a pound of bread and as many raisins. They died like flies, and though we tried to help them, our best efforts could hardly touch the surface of their misery. The Persian authorities would not allow the Relief Committee to bring their wheat from Salmas. Prices continued to rise and food could not be obtained. In the spring it became necessary to clean up the city. The missionaries undertook the job and buried over a thousand bodies that had been left just where they died. These were nearly all Kurds who had died of starvation. A great many horses died for lack of food and the hungry Kurds stood about, ready to snatch the body as soon as dead.

The Mixed Council with the heads of the various organized forces were getting the situation pretty well under control, though the *Democrats,* as usual, were stirring up trouble. Said Dr. Shedd, "The *Democrats* are doing all they can to get up an army to exterminate the mountaineers. The crimes that in ages past have been done in the name of autocracy are now being committed in the name of democracy, that being the name to conjure by. Apparently in Teheran they think that things have moved too fast but when people are pushed, they cannot always regulate the rate of locomotion. They are disavowing the plans made in Tiflis by the Allied officers there and urged upon the people here with a great deal of heat and insistence. It is all very mixed and only this place could furnish the ingredients."

Then like a bolt from a clear sky came the assassination of Mar Shimon, which completely upset everything that had been accomplished and threw all that region into a state of anarchy from which it never recovered. The Kurdish chief, Ismail Agha, or Simku, as he is popularly known, has played an important rôle in the Urumia tragedy. He had given assurances of friendship to the Christians, but at the instigation of Persians in high position, he most perfidiously murdered the Syrian Patriarch. Mar Shimon had returned to Salmas from Urumia and met the envoys sent by the Vali Ahd to confer with him in Dilman, the capital of Salmas. They had a satisfactory meeting and at the close Mar Shimon received an invitation from Simku to meet him in Old City for a friendly conference. He went with seventy or eighty of his men and was received by Simku with great cordiality. They talked, drank tea together, and pledged their mutual good will, and as Mar Shimon was leaving, Simku kissed him as a seal of their confidence in each other. Just as Mar Shimon was stepping into his carriage, Simku gave the prearranged signal to his men on the roofs to fire. The Patriarch fell pierced with five bullets, while his unsuspecting guard dropped all around him. The Moslems of the town joined with the Kurds and only a few of the guards escaped.

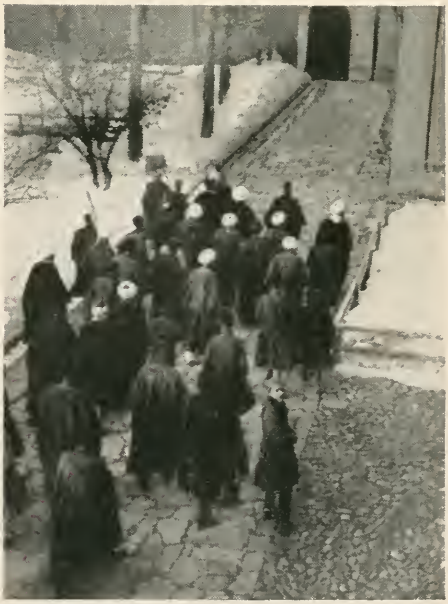
When news of the treacherous murder of their Patriarch reached the mountain tribes, nothing could restrain them from taking what they believed to be their just and necessary revenge and the town of Dilman and most of the Moslem villages of Salmas paid the blood debt. Simku and his warriors escaped to their stronghold, Chara, a few miles away and were later driven out. They went to Khoi and took part in the massacre of Christians there.

It was now more than ever difficult to control the mountaineers, for according to their age-long custom and the common law of the mountains, having no protection but what their own might secured them, they *must* "take the blood of their Patriarch."

Those persons who had been leaders in the February plot were still safe under Dr. Shedd's protection because there was no responsible government to which they might be delivered. Our Mission compounds were full of Persians and Kurds, some innocent and some guilty. Thousands were being fed by American charity. The responsible Syrians and Armenians supported Dr. Shedd in his efforts to preserve this custom of *bast,* but it was hard for the untutored, maddened by their sufferings and persecutions, to understand the justice which protected these men who had plotted their destruction and whose allies had so infamously murdered their revered Patriarch. Word had reached Urumia of the massacre of the refugees in Khoi by Persians; many had been killed with special cruelty. The near relatives and friends of these people were among the refugees in Urumia and Salmas. They wanted revenge and planned a general attack on the Moslems of Urumia. Knowledge of these plans came to Dr. Shedd and, through his influence with leaders, the catastrophe was averted. There are few incidents in all the experiences of those awful years which so strikingly illustrate the power of his personal influence, and nothing else could have saved the situation.

"According to the laws and customs of our people," says one of their leaders, "it was clear that the relatives of the victims were certainly entitled to revenge the blood of their people. As a nation we were *obliged* to avenge the blood of our Patriarch.

"When Dr. Shedd heard of it, he solemnly declared that such a deed must not be. . . .



MULLAHS, AND OTHER PROMINENT MEN OF URUMIA, PROCEEDING TO DR. SHEDD'S RESIDENCE TO PLACE THEMSELVES AND THE CITY UNDER HIS PROTECTION AFTER THE BATTLE OF FEBRUARY, 22, 1918

And through his counsel and intercession for more than four months he kept Urumia City and villages, and saved the lives of thousands of Moslems."

In April following the fall of Van in Turkey, twenty thousand Armenian fugitives with their animals, bundles, pots, and kettles, poured into Salmas. They were hungry, so they sacked Moslem villages and found food, while the Moslems scattered in all directions. The Turks followed close behind the fugitives, first in bands of hundreds, then by thousands. They were received with open arms by Persians and Kurds, who alone were not of much account as fighters, but joined with the Turks, who were trained and equipped, they made a strong combination against Armenians and Syrians. The latter under Russian officers put up a brave fight, holding back the enemy for several weeks. In June the little army gave way before repeated attacks of the Turks and thirty-five thousand people, men, women, and children, in one night, rushed pell-mell over the pass into Urumia, or tried to. It was every one for himself and the Turk take the hindmost, which he did. Those who came last were caught in the jam on the pass and were robbed and killed, or sent back where later they shared the fate of those who had taken refuge in the French Mission at Khosrabad. The most of them reached Urumia and scattered about in the villages or camped around the city, while their animals pastured on the fields of new grain and clover.

The Turks now gathered about Urumia on three sides and attacked it fourteen times. The situation was desperate. There were weeks of anxious fear with the battle line but a few miles away. The Turks were pressing from both passes. The lives of the eighty thousand Christians in and around Urumia City depended upon uncertain bands of men and boys, inadequately supplied with rifles and ammunition. There were times when the Turks got within four or five miles of the city before being driven back. The Christians were fighting for their existence with backs against the wall and they fought like heroes. Many times the men would say, "The victory was not ours, but God fought for us. We could not have won against such odds." They were underfed and worn out with fighting. Most of them were from families who were dependent upon the wheat given by the Relief Committee, and when they went to battle they could take with them only enough bread for a day or two. The Relief Committee undertook to furnish dry bread to the men while in the fighting line.

Dr. Shedd writing in July said, "I have given up all pretense to neutrality and keeping out of military affairs. The people here are not fighting the people of Persia, and will not fight them, unless they are attacked. They are repelling an attack by an invading foe, and our lives and safety depend on the result of the effort to drive them off. We are undertaking to find money for army use, expecting it to be repaid.

"In this letter I wish to explain why it has seemed to me imperative to aid in furnishing money for the expenditure of the army here. It is not necessary for me to say that I fully realize that this would be an extraordinary action in any circumstances and that it is directly in contravention of the last instructions that I have received. I have been influenced by the following considerations:

"(1) The safety of the community, including Americans, as regards both life and property, depends on the threat of the Turkish invasion being repulsed. It is not a question of fighting between Moslems and Christians, but the question of the armed Christians repelling Turkish troops who have invaded the country. The Turks demand that the Christians give up all arms and surrender to them. The Persian Government has shown its incapacity to take any action in the matter. The Persian Government went to pieces in the disturbances begun by Moslems in February, at which time the Government made no effort to prevent the trouble. Since then its existence has been dependent on Christians, and certainly without the help in various ways rendered by myself and the American Relief Committee, it would have been unable to maintain even a semblance of authority or even existence.

"(2) No instructions have been received by the Government from the authorities in Tabriz; and if efforts have been made to open communication between Urumia and Tabriz, they have been unavailing. Under the circumstances we are compelled to choose between anarchy and supporting in an effective way the military organization that exists.

"Since the departure of M. Nikitine, I have been the only representative of the Allied powers here, except the officers of the Russian Caucasus army. Conditions in Russia have reduced the influence of the Russian representatives very much. M. Nikitine was able to maintain influence very much by his personal hold on the community.

"(3) Military organization here was begun by the instance of the Staff in Tiflis, including the French and British attachés. Later, it was disavowed by the diplomatic authorities at Teheran. The latest information which I have myself is to the effect that the petition of the Syrian National Committee asking that they be taken under the care of the Allied powers was favorably considered. I have heard also indirectly that money was ready in Tabriz for the army here. The people raised voluntary contributions and kept going for a time, but that is no longer practicable. No one else has the requisite financial standing in the community.

"(4) The situation here has been and still is critical, and it has been necessary to make decisions in important matters without any possible way of asking for instructions or receiving them. I am ready, of course, to give my reasons for that which has taken place and I realize that with the imperfect information that we have had as to conditions outside, my decisions may have been at fault. The money that has been advanced is being used almost entirely for food for the army and the expenditure is carefully supervised. The persons fed are largely the same people whom we have been helping through the organization of our Relief Committee."

In April the French Hospital Staff had withdrawn from Urumia. Mr. Nikitine went with them. Mr. Allen had gone with his family at the same time. Dr. Packard and Dr. Dodd were prostrated with fever for many weeks, and Dr. Ellis was left with the superintendence of the hospital, the care of the sick missionaries, the Mission and Relief treasuries, and was Dr. Shedd's valued counselor, though he had been in Persia less than three years. All the other Americans with Syrian helpers were busy with the care of refugees, the sick, and other relief and mission work. Dr. Shedd's health was breaking under the strain and there was fear of a recurrence of tuberculosis. He had been sleeping on the roof until the frequent cries for help, the incessant firing of rifles all night long, and the wailing of the hungry in the streets drove him inside. Here the ringing of the telephones with their demands upon him prevented proper sleep. One got a great many thrills by day and night, for though Dr. Shedd had no force at his command, the appeals usually came to him. Isaiah's summary of righteousness, "Seek justice, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow," was never more literally wrought out in life.

Day after day the leaders met with him, frequently in our living room, and often it seemed as if each man were striving for place or power for himself or his party when the fate of tens of thousands depended upon their decisions. There was no confidence between Christians and Moslems. The Moslems would not allow that Christians had any rights nor would they live up to their agreements. Between the Armenians and Syrians there was often jealousy and distrust. The atmosphere was full of insincerity, deceit, and intrigue. When I suggested that close and constant association with these things might affect his own character, Dr. Shedd vehemently replied, "If a man just *hates* a lie, he need not fear." He wasted no time in accusations or recriminations, nor was he deceived. He often succeeded in getting unified action when no one else could possibly have done so. The Persian Government had gone to pieces, and in the chaos everybody expected Dr. Shedd to do the impossible and placed on him the responsibility for disorders which could not be controlled. "Lonely is the man who understands," and more and more he was left to struggle with the situation alone, and to guide our little ship of state without chart or compass through a sea of blood and anarchy. When I insisted that we must get away to some place where he could recuperate, he thought for a moment then quietly replied, "I cannot leave till the English come."

There were reports that the British were advancing through Mesopotamia and we turned our faces in that direction, hoping against hope, for we had heard these reports for months, and still they came no nearer. That Fourth of July was no glorious Fourth to us, but a day of fear and distress and almost despair, but for our faith that God had not forsaken us. Thousands were praying for the sea to divide for that great multitude of people. Everybody was getting ready for flight. The only possible avenue of escape now was the southern pass and we must fight our way through and try to reach the British somewhere to the south.

"Fighting has been Oriental, though there has been restraint on the part of the leaders," wrote Dr. Shedd. "Moslems before and during this time have been guilty of perfidy in many ways and it is hard to believe them in any promise. It has been a complicated and delicate situation and I have not been permitted to communicate with Mr. Paddock. The matter of protecting Moslems has been difficult and the feeling among some of the Christians has been pretty ugly toward us, or perhaps I should be more accurate in saying, toward myself. On the other hand, I am credited or charged by the Persians, more perhaps in Tabriz and Khoi than here, with being the leader in all sorts of things. But aside from the opinions of others, it has been hard to decide on the right course to follow. . . . The main purpose has been to secure peace and order. . . .

"But it is all problematical and I have made up my mind long ago that to guide one's actions by their probable effect on the 'Work,' instead of by the single purpose to do Christian service, is neither the highest policy nor the highest morals. So our right course is to save life now while it is so cheap, and to restrain evil passions now while they are so unrestrained, and also to be loyal to our Church and national responsibilities.

"While in our native Church, there have been lamentable lapses, a very large proportion are living up to the high ideals of Christian conduct, toward enemies as well as toward neighbors. We are living in another age, and we see the passions and disorders that mark Oriental history from the earliest time at work before our eyes.

"We are in a peculiar position here and it would be easy to place us in a very unenviable light with reference to undoubted atrocities that have taken place and are taking place. Maybe I can serve as a sort of scapegoat for the missionaries. What we have seen here makes one feel more than ever the incompatibility of Islam with modern ideals, or perhaps one should say with Christian ideals. I am not sure that it is not irrepressible conflict politically as well as religiously. The Pseudo-democracy of Persia, that lent itself to the fomenting of religious hatreds and sold itself to German money, will probably be discredited, and maybe there will be in its place something more genuine and hopeful. It may be that Islam will learn a lesson as to its incapacity and will find out the reason. If people will only lose faith in the intrigue and deceit in which they place their hopes in this affair, it will be worth a great deal in the end. Our position in the community has been a great deal more prominent than we would like, and one wonders when we shall settle down again to the missionary work that absorbs our energies and time. In a good deal of this I can only rest on the belief that we have earnestly desired and prayed to be guided, and that to doubt guidance in the past is as wrong as to doubt that we shall be guided in the future.

"We have been in a sort of whirlpool caused by the currents and tempests of the Great War and for a time entirely cut off from the stream of great events. For two months we have maintained a police force in the city and villages. It is no exaggeration to say that we have saved thousands of dollars' worth of grain by protecting crops from being pastured, and in other ways we have saved life and property. In fact, we have kept the machinery going and have maintained at least the appearance of Persian Government authority. We are supporting Turkish prisoners, about two hundred, and there are heavy expenses in the Consular work.

"Our life here is a striking example of what all life must be in its larger aspects, a drama of which we see only one side and that only in part. What goes on here is a part of what is going on in the World War, but we are cut off from the rest and see only our little fragment. Consequently, it is very unintelligible to us here, and we are working largely in the dark. The other day, the Turks sent a lieutenant with a flamboyant letter telling of the Allied defeats the world over, in France, in Crimea, Hindustan, Persia and elsewhere. So much was said that some of it certainly is a lie; but one knows so little that he cannot avoid some nervousness. Isn't that the way in our relation to the meaning of life, and especially the great struggle between good and evil? Whatever we do is part of the great conflict, and this gives meaning to our part, and dignity and assurance. . . .

"One day I got into a bit of massacring and saw how it is done. I won't forget soon and hope I may never see the thing again. For a few minutes I did not know but that I might take a more direct part in it than I wished to take. I was trying to stop it all and probably did some good. We have here some seventy-five or eighty thousand Syrians and Armenians, and scarcely a third of them belong to Urumia. The Moslems are having the experience of being the under dog, so to speak. It is a bitter experience for them and possibly some of them realize that I and the rest of us are trying to do what we can to keep them from being wronged. One sees the effects of the missionary work on the people in the difference between the Urumia Christians and the others. If we had only Urumia Christians to deal with, or others like them, our whole task would be much easier. I wonder if any one ever had quite such a mixed crowd of people as I have to deal with and restrain and do work with. I suppose that others have had just as hard a job but I often wish I could get away from it all."

It was July 8, when a British aeroplane flew over the city, causing great excitement. Everybody rushed to the roofs and some began firing, thinking it was Turkish. It rose and flew toward the College, circling round over the tall sycamore trees. There the people saw the tricolors and became frantic with joy and shouted and waved from the roofs. Lieutenant Pennington, the aviator, knew then that the Turks were not yet in Urumia and landed a mile or two from the city. Two or three thousand people ran out to meet him, prostrating themselves before him, kissing his hands, his feet and clothing. He was to them a heavenly messenger and brought hope from the only direction that any could have reached us. The next morning the aeroplane flew away leaving British promises that they would send a squadron to meet a Syrian-Armenian force at Sain Kala in two weeks with rapid-firing guns, ammunition, money, and British officers. That meant they would reach Urumia in three weeks. Dr. Shedd was exhausted and when I spoke of relief in three weeks, he sighed, "Can I hold out three weeks longer?"

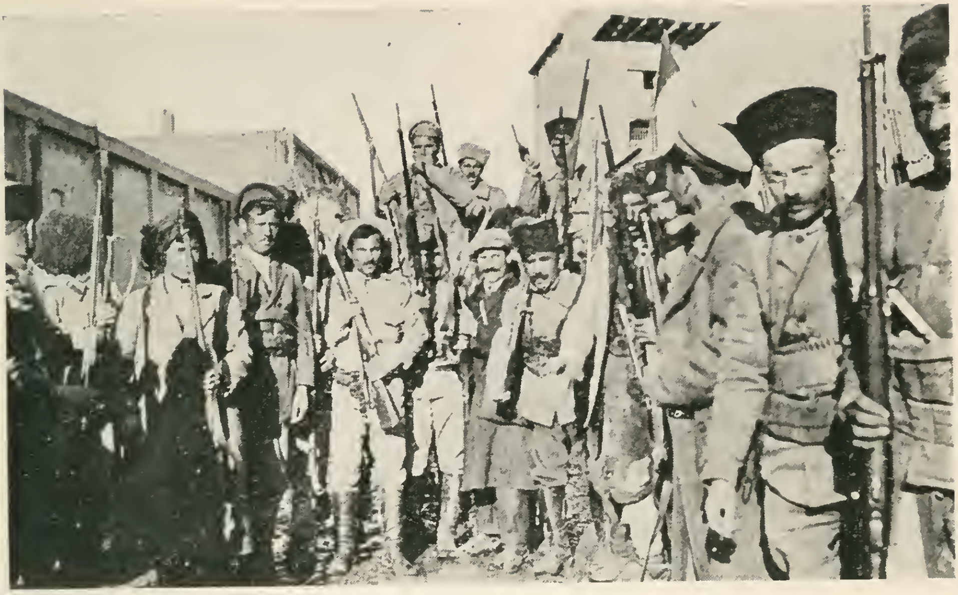
The army began making preparations to meet the British with true Oriental lack of haste and efficiency. The first difficulty was getting food supplies. There was no wheat to be bought or confiscated and so they had to harvest and mill the new wheat. They started late, a thousand men under Agha Petros, fought two or three battles with the Turks, and reached Sain Kala several days behind the schedule, to find the British squadron had withdrawn. There was consequently a delay of several days before they all joined up at Sain Kala.

In the meantime affairs in Urumia were not going well. The force that remained could not hold back the Turks who were pressing from the north; flight was imminent.

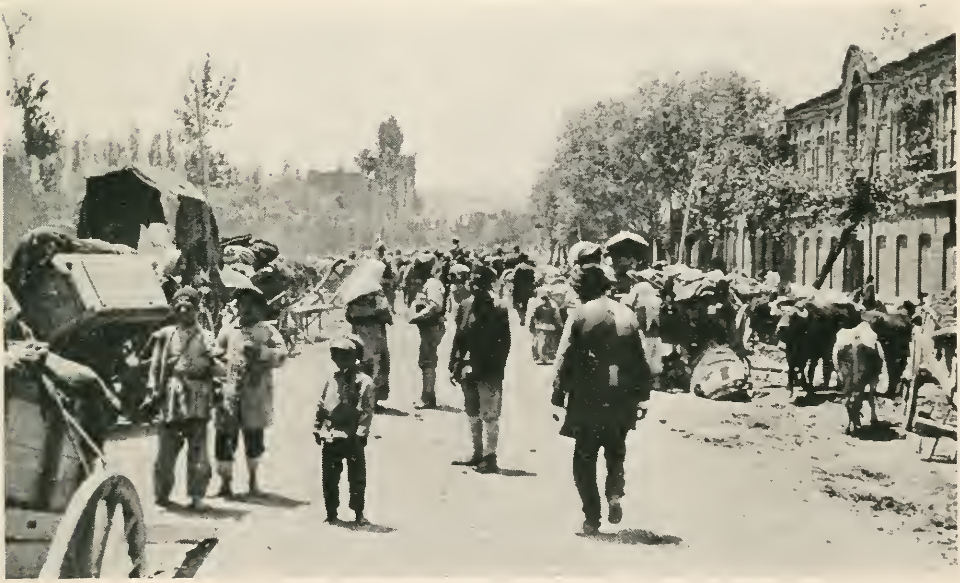
CHAPTER XV: THE FINISHED TASK

The long dreaded disaster was precipitated July 31. On the afternoon of the previous day word came that the movement had begun *en masse.* As we still hoped to hold on, Dr. Shedd and Mar Shimon went out to try to stop it, knowing that just as soon as the news of the flight spread, the Christians would be at the mercy of their enemies. Their efforts were in vain; the Armenians and mountain Syrians who were refugees anyway, were on the move, and it was impossible for the Urumia Christians to remain alone.

When Dr. Shedd returned, he found the leading Syrian and Armenian men gathered at our house for consultation. They talked till midnight, but nothing could be done. At three in the morning word came that the Turks and Kurds were advancing. Dr. Shedd at once notified the College, City, and other places within reach. I began to get ready for our journey the things we had gathered together a month before when we thought we were going. There were food, clothing, bedding and a hundred other things, for time, place and route were very indefinite and we would not be able to buy supplies along the way. Dr. Shedd hadn't a minute for preparation; people came to him by the score till the last moment. At 5 A. M. he called on the Governor, Ijlal-ul-Mulk, to commit our property to his care and make a last plea for those who would be left. A few days previously, the Governor had urged him not to go, inviting him to stay with him during the first days of disorder when the Kurds and Turks came in. After the February attack the feeling against all foreigners had been so bitter that we all planned to leave in case of flight. As months passed and we were able to show our true position by helping, feeding, and protecting thousands of Kurds and Persians, the feeling changed. All but my husband and myself decided to stay and take the chances in being for a while under Turkish régime at the Hospital Compound rather than risk the dangers, privations, and sufferings of such a long and indefinite journey. There were little children and much serious illness in our mission circle, which made it a practical impossibility for most to go. Then there was the question of our



OUR ARMY OF DEFENCE, URUMIA, 1918



ARMENIAN AND SYRIAN REFUGEES IN THE AVENUE LEADING OUT OF THE KURDISH GATE, URUMIA, 1918

property and future work, and though we had learned much about the Turk, we did not anticipate the worst that came. Dr. Shedd's position was different from that of the others. He had been regarded as the leader in our world, and was held responsible for everything that happened. The Turks blamed him more than any one else for the long fight they had had to make for Urumia and made all sorts of threats against him. After the Governor urged his remaining, even though he might safely do so, we thought he ought to go. There was no leadership among the people. He was the one who could do most with and for them. They begged him to go as they would need some one to speak for them whenever the flight might stop, as well as to advise and direct along the way.

The missionary men from the College came to see us off and Dr. Packard placed our city property in charge of a Turkish officer, a prisoner who had been under treatment at the hospital. We left about 7:30 and two or three hours later, Kurds and Turks reached the city. As we drove out, my husband said quite cheerfully, "Well, we're going to have some more experiences *together,*" and I replied, "Just so it's *together.*" Then, as he looked upon that fleeing multitude, "Oh, to have tried so hard and to have failed!" he said. But there was no failure on his part; except for him it would have come long before. The cannon were booming in the suburbs as we went down the Avenue to the river.

The first day there were numerous little bridges made of sticks and earth, over which quilts were thrown to make them passable for carts. The jam at the bridges was indescribable confusion; every kind of vehicle, ox-carts, buffalo-wagons, *troikas* or springless wagons, *furgans* like prairie schooners, hay wagons, phaetons, and Red Cross carts, remnants of the Russian hospital, and many others invented for the occasion. There were herds of thousands of sheep and goats driven along for the first few days, and donkeys, horses, buffaloes, oxen, cows with their calves, and mules. All gave a fine opportunity for observing their good and bad points as beasts of burden. By evening we found ourselves in a long line of vehicles between two walls, in a road approaching a narrow Russian-built bridge across the Baranduz river, 16 miles from the city.

It grew dark and we could not cross until the moon came up shortly after midnight.

Each kept his place in the line and we lay down in the bottom of our cart and tried to sleep, without success. At two we crossed the river and when we reached the foot of the mountain, stopped to make tea with the samovar before starting up. Along the road were scattered samovars, kettles, carpets, and bedding which were being thrown away to lighten the loads. At the top of the pass was a dying baby. We covered it over to protect it from the sun and passed on. On the descent were a number of bodies of those who had given out.

At noon of the third day we reached Haidarabad at the southern end of Urumia Lake, where the Russians had built up a little port, now entirely deserted. Some of the travelers stopped to rest, but we went on. In the middle of the afternoon, a rider dashed up to us with the word that those in the rear had been attacked at Haidarabad and that the Turks were but an hour behind us. It seemed like our death knell. Everybody began urging the tired animals on and those on foot made another effort to hasten their pace. It seemed that at any moment we should hear the cries of those behind as the enemy fell upon them. All the fighters had gone on ahead, except a few men with rifles scattered through the crowds with their families.

For a few moments neither my husband nor I spoke. There was nothing left on earth to do. I had put into the hand bag a little Browning revolver which had been given him several months before when he was in constant personal danger. It had usually reposed in the bureau drawer. He had never used it and we both agreed that he would not now. Later, word passed along the line that we were not being followed, but we did not dare trust it.

Dr. Shedd might be able to do something as a mediary for the people, so he whipped up the tired horse to reach as quickly as possible the next town, Mehmetgar, where he hoped to find the Persian authorities and persuade them to intercede for the people. But they had all vanished on the approach of this horde of fugitives.

We were climbing a mountainous road and people were throwing away their stuff and leaving heavy vehicles behind. Along the river at Mehmetgar were camped perhaps fifty thousand people, expecting to spend the night there. Now all began to move, though it was sunset. We sent back a borrowed horse to bring our steamer trunk and left the wagon with the rest of the load on the hill.

Traveling on in the dark over bad, uncertain roads, we found ourselves in a field where a number stopped for the night. Guards were placed in turn and we lay down in our blankets, but could not sleep, and long before light were on the road again, not knowing how near the enemy might be. In leaving Urumia we hoped in three or four days to meet the army returning with the British and planned that the crowd would camp somewhere until Urumia was retaken, but we were bitterly disappointed; there was no sign of them.

Near the top of the mountain trail, sitting on the grass all alone, was a tiny baby girl about a year old, quite deserted. We pulled up the horse and took her in. She was ill and it was impossible to care for her along that road. At the next village we found a young Kurdish woman who promised to keep her until our return. We gave the woman a goodly sum of money and promised more if the baby looked well when we came back. How little did we know of what lay before us!

Frequently we heard of attacks on the rear; some were killed, others taken captive and we heard no more about them. The fugitives were kept in a state of nervous fear and were ready to run and leave their loads of food and bedding at the first alarm. The money being silver was heavy and usually carried in the load, often hidden in the flour. When the attack came, the donkey would stick in a mud hole or be too tired to be urged forward and the owner would run for his life and remember too late that he had left his money.

We reached Mianduab at noon of the fifth day. Thousands had stopped there for a noon rest and we were able for the first time to buy bread and fruit. Dr. Shedd tried to call on the officials, but all had departed. Here word reached us that the British were at Sain Kala, less than two days away. That night at Karawaran we camped with a few others in an orchard enclosed by a high wall. The next morning at six we sat down on the grass to drink tea, when suddenly a lively firing opened up just outside the wall. Dr. Shedd jumped on a horse standing nearby and rushed out to get the men with rifles to make a stand. The rest of us tumbled our stuff into the carts and hitched up the horses. Every one was excited and nervous and didn't know which way to go. Our road was where they were fighting. We engaged a Moslem boy to guide us through the narrow streets and alleys of the town. When we finally reached the main road, we were in the extreme rear; only a few wagons and pedestrians were behind us. Hurrying on a mile or two, we found the main line of animals and vehicles jammed in between two walls and unable to move until the way was opened at the front where there was also fighting. On the right was the river and at one point the enemy came up the bank and left a number of dead, mostly women. We drove our cart under the shelter of a wall and had protection from one side, for rifles were cracking all about us.

All this time I hadn't seen my husband; he was in the rear encouraging those there and keeping the gunmen at their task while the families got away. One of the women afterward told me that she and her family would certainly have been captured or killed at this place, except for Dr. Shedd, and that many others would have met the same fate, for the men with rifles would not have stayed but that they were ashamed to run away when Dr. Shedd was there. When we came up with the last ones, he was so conspicuous in khaki and helmet on horseback that fearing he might be picked off by those firing from across river, I went to him and begged him to look out for his safety, which was the last thing he could do.

The force pursuing us was a band of a few hundred Persians and Turks under Majd-es-Saltanah, formerly of Urumia.

When the firing at the front ceased, that desperate jumble of humanity began frantically to move forward; it was pandemonium. Many carts and wagons were discarded with little children and old women left sitting in them, too stupefied to stir. Many completely lost their heads and did not know what they were doing. Hundreds left their food and went hungry for days.

One of my school-girls told me afterwards that when she reached the river at this place, pursued by those demons and unable to carry both her children, she held one child over her head and waded through the river. Looking back she saw that it was too late to return for the other one and he was left sitting there on the opposite bank. The memory of her deserted baby haunted her day and night.

The firing kept up three or four hours, then there was a respite. Again in the afternoon we were followed by our foes, who kept under shelter themselves as they fired into the long line of fleeing folk stretching out for miles along the base of the mountains. The men sometimes gave them chase, but usually fired from the road as they hurried their families along. Again Dr. Shedd got on a horse and rode among them to "give them heart" and detain some riflemen among those too weary to keep up.

The road was steep, our horses were done out, bullets were flying all about us, one almost grazed Dr. Shedd's face. It looked as if we should have to leave everything and run for our lives while our pursuers stopped to loot. There was little six-year-old May whom we had picked up when her father's carts had given out. She had unconcernedly curled up on the seat for a nap. I wrapped some bread in a cloth and took the bag of money from the satchel in order to be ready at a moment's notice from my husband, if they should swoop down upon us. This kind of cowardly fighting was kept up by the Persians until late in the afternoon, when Azariah, one of the Urumia leaders, who had come back to help us, arrived with a few men and got possession of the ridge of hills and so protected the exhausted fugitives as they crept along their dolorous way.

Toward evening we were met by a squad of nine Britishers under Captain Savage, with Lewis guns. They greeted us and passed on to rescue the stragglers. Word had reached the British camp that Dr. Shedd and I had been taken prisoners and these officers had come to our help. One of them, Captain Nicols, never returned.

We had been under fire nearly all day. Dr. Shedd was exhausted; he had eaten practically nothing, having left his breakfast without a bite. We had hardly thought of food all day. Yet he was glad in the thought that in the morning we would at last reach the British and he could throw off his crushing burden of responsibility for the safety and for the sins of the people. We found a quiet place near a threshing floor to camp, and through the kindness of Syrian friends, had a bowl of hot food that night. Dr. Shedd refused to eat all his portion, for near by was one of his students who, with a band of six or eight boys, had fought bravely all day, and he must share the best there was.

We were up before light, drank a little coffee and were soon on the road. We reached Sain Kala about nine o'clock and walked out to the British camp where we were cordially received by Major Moore and Captain George

S. Reed. The latter was an old acquaintance, having been connected with the Mission of the Archbishop of Canterbury in Urumia a few years before. My husband was so elated; there was a ring in his voice, a light in his eye, a buoyancy in his step, that I had not seen for months, and I thought our worst troubles were past.

We had been in the camp but a short time when word came from Captain Savage that they had been attacked by a large force several miles out and needed assistance. The cavalry was ordered out and soon the camp was in commotion. The native leaders were called and asked to get their men together, but they were scattered through the crowds with their families and there was little response. Dr. Shedd talked to them till he was exhausted. There were less than two hundred men in the British cavalry. It was a tragic situation. The great unorganized multitude of fugitives who had camped all about in orchards, gardens and houses, and spread out over the fields and hillsides, began to move on slowly but irresistibly. Some of the men were sent back to fight, many of the refugees were killed, and women and girls taken captive, the people of Sain Kala and towns and villages in the rear joining in the attack against them. The attack was not entirely without provocation, for the disorderly element among the fugitives had plundered shops and houses and in other ways aroused the enmity of the villagers, and those who followed and the law-abiding paid the penalty. The Urumia people were the worst sufferers. Captain Savage's small band, a few miles behind, made a heroic defense against several hundred organized troops, and with their rapid-firing guns held them back until the cavalry arrived. It was here that Captain Nicols went into a village and was never seen again. A year later I was in that region and made inquiries in several villages, thinking that I might find his grave, but could get no information.

An hour or two after our arrival in the British camp, Dr. Shedd complained of feeling ill and as the tent was very hot, I made a place for him to lie down in the cart, which, being open at both ends, was cooler than the tent. As he grew worse, the baggage was taken out and we made him as comfortable as possible on the floor. The British doctor was out with the cavalry, but Dr. Jesse Yonan of Urumia was there, and fearing cholera, we gave him calomel. Late in the afternoon the British camp was moved to the shelter of the hills. We started out while it was still light that he might not be jolted on the bad roads, expecting to follow the camp loads. Dr. Yonan and other Syrian friends came along with us on horseback. Darkness came down quickly; my husband needed all my attention and I did not watch the road. After what seemed like hours of stumbling along in the dark, we found ourselves in a gully. We had passed the British camp; the roads were too unsafe and rough to return; there was nothing to do but remain there until morning. Only a few drops of oil were left in the lantern. I lighted it and saw that my husband was very ill, indeed. Two of the men went back over the dangerous road for the doctor. Hour after hour I crouched beside my husband in the cart, trying to ease the pain when the convulsions came. We made coffee at the blaze, for there was no other nourishment to give. As he grew weaker and weaker, a terrible fear tugged at my heart, but it was impossible even to think it. He had not spoken for a long time, but when the doctor reached us about midnight, he whispered faintly, "I never was so tired in all my life." After a hypodermic injection, he did not regain consciousness. The doctor returned to the camp, telling us to wait for him in the morning.

Fifty thousand terror-stricken fugitives had passed on, a baby wailed all night nearby, the desolate, rocky mountain loomed above us, darkness was all about us, and it seemed that no prayer could pierce that terrible gloom. When the revealing light came, I could see the awful change in his face, but I would not believe that he was leaving me. We heard fighting behind and knew the British were attacked. We dared not wait, so, in his dying hour, he was jolted over the stony trail.

In an hour or two Dr. Featherstonhaugh and Captain Reed caught up to us. The doctor pronounced the disease cholera. A few short, sharp breaths, and I was alone. A little farther on, with a small adz and fingers, they dug a shallow grave, and with the canvas from the cart for a shroud, we laid him there. Dr. Yonan read the burial service and a cross was cut on the rock beside the grave. It seemed impossible to go off and leave him there in that unfriendly land, but there could be no tarrying. Leaving the carts and most of the stuff, we mounted the horses and followed the fugitives.

Disease which had broken out among the people now spread rapidly and from Sain

Kala to Hamadan, about three weeks' journey for most through scorching heat, hunger and thirst, the roadsides were lined with the dead and the dying of our people. Those too weak to keep up were killed and stripped of everything by Persians and Kurds, while women and girls met a horrible fate. There was hardly a family without losses. The little British force following in the rear did everything possible to protect and help the people. Many of them walked and took women and children on their horses. But the horrors of those days must be covered with a veil of silence.

The news of Dr. Shedd's death swept along that line of suffering humanity like a wave of black despair. Day after day as I rode along on my horse, I was greeted by grief-stricken faces and the despairing cry, "What shall we do? Our father is gone, our back is broken; there is no one left on earth to help us. Would that half our nation had died and he had lived!" And as they mingled their tears with mine and the moan of my own heart found ten thousand echoes in theirs, I became one of them, and we all knew that the worst had come to us.

CHAPTER XVI: THE THINGS THAT REMAIN

By the kindness of British officers, I reached Hamadan and missionary friends twenty-five days after leaving Urumia. Several thousand of the people found their way into the city where the missionaries, relief workers and British were able, in a small measure, to relieve their suffering, but the mass of them were gathered by the British military into a temporary camp a few miles from the city of Hamadan. Later, in order to make it possible to feed and protect them, they were moved three hundred miles farther south into Mesopotamia, where a great camp was established at Baqubah, thirty miles north of Bagdad. Fifty thousand refugees were gathered into this wonderful tent city, protected and rationed by the British. Hospitals were opened with doctors and nurses from India and England. Despite the fine medical care, several thousand died of exhaustion and of disease contracted on the journey.

In October I joined a group of American missionaries and other relief workers in the camp. But my heart was back among the hills of Sain Kala and I knew that I must recover the body of my husband and make him a safe grave among friends. In April with a number of missionaries just arrived from America, I made the six weeks' journey to Tabriz, hoping to find an opportunity to go to Sain Kala.

After our flight on July 31, 1918, several thousand Christians who did not make their escape from Urumia, were killed by Persians, Turks, and Kurds. Monseigneur Sonntag, of the French Catholic Mission, was murdered by those whom for months he had protected and sheltered, and of the six hundred who had taken refuge with him, only a few women escaped to tell the awful story. Of some two thousand deported to Salmas by the Turks, but three or four hundred lived to return to Urumia. Mr. Herman Pflaumer, who with his wife and Miss Bridges stayed at the Orphanage with the children, was killed that first day and most of the orphans were killed or scattered. The missionaries were interned at the Hospital Compound by the Turks, who filled the hospital and school buildings with their own sick, with the result that nearly all the missionaries sickened of the fever brought in. Miss Lenore R. Schoebel laid down her life there, September 28, dying of pernicious malaria, the sixth war victim from our missionary group in Urumia. Scores of native Christians who had taken refuge with the missionaries also died there.

October 8, the missionaries were deported to Tabriz by the Turks and after being held for a week, they were dismissed, no charge being made against them. At the same time Dr. W. S. Vanneman and Rev. Frederick N. Jessup, of our Mission in Tabriz, were released, they having been held prisoners by the Turks forty-four days.

After the departure of the Turks, the eight hundred Christians left in Urumia were gathered into our City Compound by one of their own number, Mrs. Judith David, who fed and cared for them with Relief funds sent from Tabriz.

Thinking the dangers past, Dr. Packard and his family returned to Urumia in May and the rest of the Urumia missionaries then in Tabriz were preparing to do so, when the final blow came. Persians and Kurds were fighting in Urumia. On May 24, after driving the Kurds from the city, the Persians entered the American Mission Compound and fell upon the Christians who for eight months had practically been their prisoners. About two hundred and fifty were killed, a hundred more wounded, and scores most brutally treated. The American flag was torn down and trampled in the dust. Six hundred, with Dr. Packard and his family found refuge at the Government house where they lived in constant danger for three weeks. Everything portable that had been left by the Turks, including doors and windows, was carried off from the Mission compounds or destroyed.

Then came the thrilling rescue by our American Consul, Mr. Gordon Paddock. Accompanied by Rev. H. A. Muller and Dr. E. M. Dodd of our Mission, a British chauffeur and a friendly Persian official, he went to Urumia with two Ford cars which did not stop for punctures or blowouts. When tires could no longer hold air, they were stuffed with hay. After parleying with Simku in Salmas for several days, he gave them an escort of a hundred warriors to Urumia. There by daring, bluff, and diplomacy, they took out the six hundred and the Packard family, through streets lined with hostile Persians threatening them at every step. Crossing the Lake by boat and raft, they were brought to Tabriz by rail. Here they were received and cared for by the Americans with Near East Relief funds. Following this was a massacre by Tartars of several thousand Armenians just across the Persian border in southern Russia. Eight hundred or a thousand escaped into Persia and were brought to Tabriz and taken under the care of the Relief Committee. There were serious threatenings of trouble in Tabriz for a while so that it was not until September that the journey to Sain Kala was attempted.

Accompanied by Rev. J. C. Crothers of the Presbyterian Mission, and Dr. Joel Joseph, a Syrian physician of Maragha, we reached the village of Sain Kala in five days from Tabriz, traveling with a carriage and an open wagon. The next morning with guards from the Governor, we started out over the road of flight through the hills. This was a critical time and I knew that others were doubtful of my finding the burial place in that unfamiliar wilderness. We went on till noon, then the Moslem drivers refused to go farther, for there was no wagon road. They were finally persuaded and we pushed on till three in the afternoon before I could find any sign that would enable me to trace the journey of the year before. When we came to a stream overshadowed by the great rocky side of a hill, I remembered that I had been alone at that place. We turned back and at sunset found the grave which we had passed in the morning.

All that year of aching silence dropped away as I hurried up the bank to the cross-hewn rock and stood beside the grave. It was empty! Absolutely empty! Wild beasts had done their worst! In my anguish I heard a voice saying, "Why do you look among the dead for him who is alive?"

We placed the relics of his mortality in the casket we had brought and in the darkness turned toward Tabriz. At the stopping places along the way, we were hospitably received in Persian houses. At Maragha the priest of the Old Armenian Church called with his elders and members and asked to have a public service. They covered the casket with flowers and forming a procession, we went to the church. In his sermon the old priest claimed him a sacrifice for his people as well as for the Syrians, and as I watched the swinging censer, the burning candles, and the ritual so different from our Protestant service, I understood that it is in sacrificial love that we find our Christian unity.

We made his grave in the Christian cemetery in Tabriz, where the dust of many races mingles. At the public service in the cemetery, more than two thousand came to pay their tribute of affection, many of them homeless wanderers whose loved ones had been left along the mountain trails of Turkey, and scattered through the plains and highlands of Persia, for a thousand miles, down into the deserts and valleys of Mesopotamia, a witness to their faith and to the cruel hate of Islam.

Dr. Iskander Khan, a Syrian friend, who spoke that day of "Dr. Shedd, the Man," speaks for his people when he calls him, "The man of brains and resource, gentle but decided on occasion; the friend of justice and helper of the oppressed; a real democrat, courageous, and keen against sin but the friend of sinners; a good companion, genial and tactful; strong in friendship and promises; influential, having confidence in others; a man of peace and hope, a man of patience and faith. O God, increase men like him!"

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Tradition says that Christianity was brought to Urumia nineteen hundred years ago by St. Thomas, who walked across the Lake, and the event has been celebrated each year by the Christians there. Certain it is that for many centuries Nestorian, or Syrian Christians, have lived on the Urumia plain as Persian subjects. They have acquired houses, vineyards, and fields. Here their people have lived and died for twenty generations. Their affections center in this one place, they know no other home.

The Syrian mountain tribes, who were subjects of the Sultan, love with passionate loyalty their rugged hills and steep valleys, yet these Syrian people, like the Armenians, are kept in exile several years after the Great War fought for "humanity and the rights of small nations." Their homes and possessions are in the hands of their Mohammedan neighbors, while they, but a small remnant of their people, wander as beggars through Persia and Mesopotamia, the victims of Persians, Turks, Kurds, and Arabs.

In Urumia the missions, churches, schools, and homes of the Christians, are a desolation, and for the first time in six or seven centuries, Christianity has apparently been exterminated. "And Urmi knows the Christ no more."

Is this the end? A thousand years of missionary life have been given to the peoples over there. For eighty years Christ has been preached and the principles of His Gospel have been taught through word and deed by missionaries sent from our own land, while thousands of His followers there through the years have witnessed by life and by death to the faith that was in them. The sowing has been in tears, the harvest must come with rejoicing. God has not left Himself without witness there.

In the words of William A. Shedd written in 1916, "It lies with us to see that the blood shed and the suffering endured are not in vain. May God grant and may we who know so well the wrongs that have been borne, so labor that the cause of these wrongs be removed. That will be done when Christ rules in the hearts of those who profess His name and is acknowledged by all, not merely as a great prophet but as the Saviour for Whose coming prophecy prepared the way, Who is the fulfillment of revelation, and in Whom human destiny will find its goal."

THE END

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